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The Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

PRESIDENT HARDING DEAD

End Came Instantly Thursday Evening—Whole Nation Mourns—Vice President Coolidge Becomes President.

The sudden and unexpected death of the Nation's beloved chief executive has cast a deep gloom over the entire country. President Harding died in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, at 10.30, Eastern time, Thursday night, of apoplexy. His death was so sudden that only his faithful wife and two nurses were at his bedside.

The President was believed by his physicians to be on the road to rapid recovery from the illness resulting from the ptomaine poisoning of something over a week ago, and the entire nation, regardless of party, was rejoicing.

The President's death was announced by his physicians as follows:

"The President died instantaneously and without warning and while conversing with members of his family at 7.30 p. m. Death was apparently due to some brain evolvement, probably an apoplexy.

"During the day he had been free from discomfort and there was every justification for anticipating a prompt recovery."

President Harding was born in Ohio November 3, 1865. His chief occupation in life had been that of a newspaper publisher. He had served his native state as Lieutenant Governor, as member of Congress and as U. S. Senator. He was elected President of the United States in November, 1920, receiving nearly seven millions majority on the popular vote. He has made good, and had his life been spared he would undoubtedly have been chosen President for another four years in November, 1924.

The sad death makes Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts President. No better man could be found to carry out the work so well begun by President Harding. Coolidge is of old New England stock, having been born in Plymouth, Vermont, July 4, 1872. He has served his adopted state of Massachusetts in many capacities and always made good. He was Governor of Massachusetts in 1919 and 1920.

The news of President Harding's death was received in Newport late Thursday night, but few persons knew of it until they arose Friday morning. The news came as a great shock to the entire community, and expressions of deepest regret were everywhere heard. Steps were at once taken by local authorities to half-staff the flags on all public buildings as well as on many private establishments.

Current rumor has it that some persons have reaped a rich harvest by recovering cases of Scotch whiskey said to have been thrown overboard off the shore when a [illegible] was closely pursued by a government vessel. The cases are said to have been picked up along the shore for long distances.

The banquet by the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, on the evening of August 29th, will be served at the LaForge Cottage. A large attendance of members and guests is expected.

Mr. James H. Comstock of New London, Conn., is spending a few days in Newport.

FRANK E. THOMPSON

Mr. Frank E. Thompson, for many years Headmaster of the Rogers High School, and only a few weeks ago accorded the signal honor of election as headmaster emeritus, died at his home on Champlin street early Tuesday morning. His death came as a great shock to his many friends in Newport and elsewhere, many of whom did not know that he was ill.

After several years of the most strenuous work, following the burning of the old Rogers building, Mr. Thompson was delighted to be relieved of the tremendous burden of his administrative duties at the School. At the close of the school year, he looked forward with much pleasurable anticipation to the first restful vacation that he had had for many years, and contemplated with genuine pleasure the resumption of his school duties in the fall when he would devote his time to the studies in which he delighted. He had frequently expressed to his friends his unqualified appreciation of the action of the School Committee in electing him headmaster emeritus of the school.

Immediately following the closing of the High School in June, Mr. Thompson attended the Commencement exercises of the Rhode Island College of Education in Providence. The day was one of record-breaking heat, and he was slightly overcome, being compelled to take to his bed upon returning home. Some complications developed and a heart weakness was discovered, but he was apparently making steady progress toward recovery and was able to be about the house. Monday night he passed the early hours in quiet, restful sleep. About two o'clock he arose from his bed, and instantly expired. Mrs. Thompson and their daughter, Miss Helen Thompson, were with him at the last.

Mr. Thompson was born in Somersworth, N. H., in 1849 and was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1871. After two years connection with the Phillips Academy at Andover Mass., he came to Newport in 1873 to begin his long period of service in the Rogers High School. In 1890, upon the resignation of Frederick W. Tilton, Mr. Thompson was promoted to Headmaster, rounding out fifty years connection with that institution with the close of the school year in June.

The high position that the Rogers High School has occupied in educational circles has been principally due to the able and untiring efforts of Mr. Thompson. A born educator, possessed of the ability to impart to others the knowledge that he had acquired, an able administrator, a kind and effective disciplinaran, he held the affection and esteem of every pupil who had passed through the institution as well as of every teacher who had ever been connected therewith. A man of the staunchest integrity, with an even sense of justice tempered with kindness, mercy and consideration, there was never in his long connection with the School the slightest suggestion of favoritism among teachers or pupils. Ever ready to lend a hand to help some aspiring young man to secure a start in the life work that he had selected, he could well claim a large part of the credit for the success that has come to many of Newport's sons and daughters in widely separated places. Many a successful man of mature years looks back upon his heart-to-heart talks with this beloved counsellor and friend as the starting point of his career.

Mr. Thompson had served for thirty-three years as a member of the State Board of Education of Rhode Island, and was regarded as one of the bulwarks of the board. He was invested with an honorary degree of Doctor of Education by the Rhode Island State College three years ago. His fame as an educator extended far beyond the limits of Rhode Island.

Mr. Thompson was devoted to the Masonic fraternity. He joined St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, in 1877, less than a year after it was chartered, affiliating after having been raised in New Hampshire. In 1881 and 1882 he served as Master of the Lodge, and was for many years one of the Trustees. Upon the fortieth anniversary of his election as Master, some two years ago, he was presented with a beautiful Past Master's apron by members of the Craft who had been under his tutelage. He was also a member and a Past High Priest of Newport Royal Arch Chapter, and was formerly a member of Washington Commandery of Knights Templars.

Funeral services were held at the United Congregational Church on Friday afternoon, Rev. Harold S. Capron officiating. There was an immense outpouring of friends from all walks in life to pay the last tribute of respect, many coming from outside the city. The remains were escorted from the church to the Island Cemetery by St Paul's Lodge of Masons, and the Masonic service was conducted at the grave.

The honorary bearers were Commissioner of Education Walter D. Ranger, Superintendent of Schools Herbert W. Lull, Headmaster Fred P. Webber, Principal George H. Bryant of the Townsend Industrial School, and Past Masters Robert C. Bacheller and Joseph W. Sampson of St. Paul's Lodge. The active bearers were Clark Burdick, Benjamin F. Downing, 3d, Orin M. Alger, Donald E. Spears and George B. Austin, Past Masters of St. Paul's Lodge, and Fred W. Johnstone, Master of St. John's Lodge.

He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Ellen Jane Hall of Dover, N. H., one daughter, Miss Helen W. Thompson, and two sons, Lt. Col. Edgar N. Thompson, U. S. A., and Mr. Lawrence Thompson.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening a large amount of routine business was transacted. Many licenses of various kinds were granted. On recommendation of Chief Tobin, Mayor Sullivan advanced three patrolmen from Class C to Class B, and the board confirmed the appointments.

The petition of Miss Martha C. Codman for removal of two trees on Berkeley avenue, was referred to Street Commissioner Sullivan with power to act. Alderman Hughes brought up the matter of the Mothers' Pension Bill which was passed by the last General Assembly, and it was decided to invite representatives of the various charitable societies to come before the board.

The contract for printing the City Manuals was awarded to the Mercury Publishing Company.

Mrs. Wilbur Nelson, wife of the pastor of the First Baptist Church, is at the Newport Hospital in a precarious condition following a bicycle accident last Friday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson had been calling upon friends in the country, making the trip on bicycles. They were coming down Green End avenue, where the hill is very steep, when Mrs. Nelson lost control of her wheel and was thrown violently to the ground. She was picked up in an unconscious condition and hurried to the Newport Hospital, where she was operated upon by Dr. Stewart to relieve a fracture of the skull. While she has been able to take a little nourishment, her condition is very serious.

The future of the New York and Newport Air Line seems to be problematical. Following the fatal accident of a short time ago, operation of the line was discontinued, either temporarily or permanently. The committee of the Chamber of Commerce that has had charge of this activity wants the line continued and has endeavored to persuade the manager to continue.

Chief Gunner's Mate William J. Hug died at the Naval Hospital on Sunday after a considerable illness. He was well known in Newport, where he had spent much time while on active duty and where he had made his home after being retired. He was a member of the Spanish War Veterans and of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, of the Order of Eagles and the Loyal Order of Moose.

The American Legion Carnival, which filled Washington Square all last week, proved to be a very profitable undertaking. The Buick sport car was drawn by the Commander of the American Legion in Logansport, Ind., and he has sent a request to the committee to dispose of it for him, as the bother and expense of getting it out there will be large.

Mr. Robert L. Adams of Bridgeport has been in Newport this week to spread information regarding the coming Field Day of the New England Grotto Association at Bridgeport in August. He predicts a big time and looks for a large representation from Kolah Grotto of Newport.

The roof of the new cigar factory is rapidly going on, the walls being practically finished. Work is also progressing on the interior of the structure.

TROLLEY TERMINAL REFUSED

There was an interesting meeting of the board of aldermen on Wednesday evening, when representatives of the Beach Association, Newport Electric Corporation, and the architect for the improvements were present to discuss matters in connection with the beginning of work on the Beach. The meeting was held at the request of the Beach lessees who desired to have certain matters straightened out so that Architect Upjohn could prepare the plans and specifications for the development. At the outset the conference ran up against a snag that promises to be serious.

When the plans were originally prepared by the Council Commission provision was made for a trolley loop or terminal, which it was understood was agreed to by the management of the trolley company. At the conference on Wednesday evening, Manager Gosling informed the board that the Company was not at present in financial condition to carry out this part of the work. The announcement came in the nature of a bombshell and the members were taken completely by surprise. They had no solution to offer at the moment, but Manager Gosling was informed that this statement could not be accepted as final. Mr. Gosling suggested that the loop terminal be abandoned, but the board believed that that would not be in substantial compliance with the recommendations of the commission.

A number of questions were asked by Mr. Upjohn and representatives of the lessees and these were further considered at the regular meeting of the board on Thursday evening.

At the session of the board on Thursday evening, an executive meeting was held with representatives of the Beach Association, at which most of the suggestions advanced on the previous evening were agreed to. The matter of street car terminal loop is still up in the air, but the board is not disposed to allow the matter to go by default, and further consideration will be given.

NEWPORTER APPOINTED

Mr. John H. Nolan, one of the best known of the younger lawyers of this city, has been appointed fourth assistant attorney general of Rhode Island, an office for which there was much competition especially among the prominent attorneys of Providence. Mr. Nolan has received many congratulations from his friends in Newport upon the honor accorded him.

He is a son of Mr. Frank F. Nolan and has been associated with his father in the practice of law in this city since the close of the War. He was graduated from the Rogers High School in the Class of 1911 and from Brown University in the Class of 1915. During his course at the Harvard Law School the United States entered the World War and he immediately tendered his services to the Government, serving in the Naval Reserve Force with the rank of Ensign.

Mr. Nolan was president of the Rogers High School Alumni Association last year and was also Grand Knight of Newport Council, Knights of Columbus. He is a charter member of Newport Post of the American Legion and is also a member of the Newport Lodge of Elks, Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Newport-Brown Alumni Association, and the Newport Bar Association. He was a candidate for Senator on the Democratic ticket in 1920.

The Chamber of Commerce has received a request for cooperation in building and operating a new hotel at Easton's Point. The request comes from Louis J. Barry, Timothy F. Sullivan and Dr. McCarthy, representing the Easton's Point Land Corporation, who are contemplating the erection of a summer hotel to have from 100 to 150 rooms. They seek the assistance of the Chamber in securing a lessee for the hotel, and also they wish the benefit of the information that the Chamber's hotel committee has acquired during its investigations. The required assistance will be given.

Rev. William Safford Jones will be the preacher at the Channing Memorial Church next Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Jones is now located in Portsmouth, N. H.

Many automobile accidents have been reported to the police within the last few days, but no serious injuries have been recorded.

PORTSMOUTH'S LARGE TAXPAYERS

The following are the names of all the persons and corporations in this town that pay a tax on $5,000 and upwards, together with the amount of tax. The rate on real estate and tangible personal property is one dollar on a hundred. The rate on intangible personal property is forty cents on a hundred dollars.

Name	Property	Tax
Albro, Wm. G.	$8,200	$82 00
Allen, Jonathan, est.	6,300	63 00
Almy, Edward	7,600	64 00
Almy, William and Henry	8,500	85 00
Almy, Gideon W.	6,900	69 00
Anthony, Henry C.	59,800	589 00
Anthony, Benj. S., estate	11,000	110 00
Anthony, William W.	5,800	58 00
Anthony, George, est.	6,100	61 00
Anthony Ellie M.	6,800	32 00
Austin, Mary E., heirs	11,000	110 00
Ballou, Barton A., est.	24,900	249 00
Birckhead, Sarah K.	22,000	172 00
Borden, John L.	24,800	218 00
Borden, Arthur L.	5,700	57 00
Boyd, Leander estate	7,700	77 00
Boyd, William K.	6,000	60 00
Brayton, Thomas E.	8,000	80 00
Brazil, John T., est.	6,000	60 00
Bristol Ferry Co.	18,000	180 00
Brown, William J.	5,300	47 00
Brown, August T.	7,000	70 00
Carpenter, John, et ux.	7,500	75 00
Chase, Wm. A., heirs	7,500	75 00
Chase, Luther P.	8,800	88 00
Chase, John P., et ux.	6,300	63 00
Chase, Geo. H. and est. of John	5,100	51 00
Chase, Isaac et ux.	5,000	50 00
Chase, Eunice G.	6,000	60 00
Chase, Charles A., heirs	21,000	111 00
Cochcroft Clarence et al.	13,500	135 00
Coggeshall, John R.	6,400	46 00
Coggeshall, John P., est.	8,500	79 00
Co. N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R.	125,000	1250 00
Co. Newport Electric	92,500	925 00
Co. Newport & Prov. Railway	54,150	541 50
Corcoran, Elizabeth A.	7,500	72 00
Cornell John	27,500	245 00
Cory, Wm. H., est.	24,000	150 00
Cory, Frank C.	5,500	41 00
Cotta Manuel I.	5800	58 00
DeCosta, Joseph,	11,000	110 00
DeCosta, Antone	12,500	125 00
DeSouza, Jose M., estate	5,500	55 00
Douns, Jere A.	22,000	220 00
Dunn, Wm. J.	42,000	240 00
Eddy, Sarah J.	87,800	571 00
Enwright, Catherine F.	6,500	65 00
Fales, Wm. B., est.	23,500	235 00
Gardner, John T., est.	60,000	200 00
Heffenraffer, Rudolph F., Jr.	5,400	54 00
Hall, Robert D.	12,500	95 00
Hall, Benj., est.	9,000	90 00
Hall, Geo. P.	8,000	80 00
Hall, Benj., heirs	34,600	346 00
Hall, Herbert F., est.	15,500	155 00
Hathaway, C. E. & H. W.	12,700	127 00
Hathaway Wm., est.	7,000	70 00
Hedley, Henry and est. of Lydia	8,000	80 00
Hicks, George, R.	5,600	56 00
Hicks Horace B.	10,500	99 00
Holman, Fred W.	9,200	92 00
Howe, Julia Ward, est.	5,000	50 00
Kejran, Patrick, est.	75,000	75 00
Lawrence, Albert W.	11,000	110 00
Lawrence, Mabel W.H.	5,000	50 00
Lima, Frank	5,800	58 00
Lopes Joseph M., est.	6,000	60 00
Lopes, Manuel M.	10,000	100 00
Lopes, Manuel S.	13,500	135 00
MacKay, Wm. E.	7,000	70 00
Macomber Richard R.	13,500	135 00
Macomber, Isaac B.	6,000	60 00
MacQueen, Hannah	6,400	64 00
Manchester, Oscar C.	9,400	94 00
Marshall, John W.	5,800	58 00
Mederos Manuel and Rose	10,400	104 00
Menzi, Jacob and Lena	5,700	57 00
Moitozo, Frank G., et ux.	5,000	50 00
Moitozo, Joseph G., et ux.	5,000	50 00
Mott, William B.	12,800	104 00
Mott, Alfred J.	9,200	68 00
Murphy, Michael J.	6,000	60 00
Murphy, Patrick F.	7,400	74 00
Narragansett Ship Bldg. Co.	75,000	750 00
Newport Water Works	37,900	379 00
Newport Co. Ag. Soc.	18,000	180 00
Norman, Bradford	103,000	910 00
Norman, Bradford, Jr.	35,500	145 00
Norman, Reginald	63,000	570 00
O'Neill, Joseph H.	5,000	50 00
Order of St. Benedict	16,000	160 00
Pachaco, Augustus R. et ux.	5,500	55 00
Parker, Charlotte C.	25,000	250 00
Phillips, Arthur S.	22,900	229 00
Pimental, Joe, et ux.	65,000	65 00
Raposa, Antonio Silvia	5,400	54 00
Rathbone, Abram, et ux.	5,200	52 00
R. I. Estates Corporation	44,000	440 00
Rice, Geo. M., est.	36,000	360 00
Sanford, Mary Frances	10,000	55 00
Sherman, Benj. C., est.	10,900	109 00
Silvira, Joseph M., est.	6,500	65 00
Sisson, Elbert A.	8,000	80 00
Sowle, W. T. H. and Arilla P.	18,500	185 00
Taylor, Moses	791,300	4913 00
Thurston, Sarah E., heirs	8,000	80 00
Thurston, Edward W.	6,800	68 00
Vanderbilt, Wm. H.	335,800	3358 00
Vanderbilt, Reginald C.	256,500	1815 00
Webb, Frederick	15,700	127 00
Wheeler, Mary C.	5,500	55 00
Wilbur, Augustus L, et ux.	9,000	90 00
Wilson, Marion S.	7,000	70 00

Prudence and Other Islands

Aldrich Chas .A. and Ada F.	6,300	63 00
Chase, Eugene, Jr.	5,300	53 00
Company, Prudence Land	5,800	58 00
Herreshoff, Lewis	11,400	114 00
Hunter Charles, est.	7,000	70 00
Payne, Oliver H., estate	65,000	650 00
Fairchild, Daniel et als.	24,000	240 00
R. I. Live Stock Co.	8,600	86 00

The Poll Tax payers number 246, of which 86 are males and 160 females.

The largest taxpayer in town is Moses Taylor, son of the late Henry A. C. Taylor. He pays a tax on $791,300; William H. Vanderbilt is the next largest taxpayer being taxed on $335,800 property, and Reginald Vanderbilt on $256,500. The total valuation of the town is $4,798,165. Of this amount, the Vanderbilts, Taylor, the Normans, and Miss Eddy make up $1,671,600 of it, over one-third of the entire valuation of the town. Portsmouth is fortunate in having these large property owners within her jurisdiction.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Automobile Accident at Childs Street

A large automobile truck loaded with people going to the Newport Beach from Fall River was struck by another automobile going north near Child street, causing a serious accident. The truck was proceeding toward Newport and the automobile of Mr. Moses Taylor of Glen Farm was passing in an opposite direction when a big automobile with an Ohio license plate tried to cut in between the two. When the driver saw that it was impossible for him to pass, he pulled in toward the truck, causing it to go through a fence along the edge of the road and strike a telegraph pole, which was broken off by the impact. A number of the passengers were injured, several receiving broken ribs and one little girl had her leg broken. Chief of Police William J. Deegan was quickly upon the scene and took the Ohio driver to Newport.

Rev. and Mrs. Joseph B. Ackley have had as guests recently Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Delameter of Colebrook, N. H. Rev. Mr. Delameter was formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Middletown.

Miss Marion Lamb, who has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Clarke, has returned to her home in New Bedford, as has her father Mr. Albert S. Lamb, who was their guest also.

The Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church met on Tuesday at the Parish House.

The meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of St Paul's Church which was to have been held on Wednesday at the home of Misses Frances and Grace Hicks, was postponed until August 8.

Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott have moved their household goods from the upper tenement over the grocery store of Mr. Charles Carr, formerly John R. Manchester's, to the Hilltop Farm, West Main Road. Mr. Elliott has accepted the position of farmer there for Mr. B. Siegal.

Miss Margaret Parker of Fall River and Miss Mary Pettey of Westport, Mass., are spending a few weeks with Miss Parker's sister Mrs. James H. Handy.

Mrs. Lewis A. Darling of Philadelphia, Pa., and her daughter Jean are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Darling's mother Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman.

Mrs. Minnie T. Steele entertained St. Paul's Guild on Tuesday.

Mr. Philip L. Peckham of Sherburne and Boston, is guest of his mother, Mrs. N. Horace Peckham.

Mr. and Mrs. David B. Anthony have had as guest Mrs. Elize Eager of Providence.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles J. Harriman have gone to Buffalo where they will be guests of relatives and friends.

Mr. Joseph Francis of Dighton, Mass., formerly of this town, is here to thresh the grain for the farmers.

Miss Esther Bishop of New York has been spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson A. Bishop. Miss Bishop has just been on an automobile tour to Lake George.

Mr. Stewart Purcell, who is residing in the West, is spending a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Purcell, at Oakland Farm.

The Portsmouth Camp Meeting opened at the Portsmouth Camp Grounds on Sunday and will continue until August 5. Rev. Paul Reese preached at the opening services. A number of speakers from the West were present and two of the best gospel singers were present. Services have been held three times a day.

Mrs. Letitia E. Lawton has had as guests her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Abner P. Lawton of Providence and their daughter Ruth.

Mr. and Mrs. James Austin Peckham of Wellesley have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jethro J. Peckham.

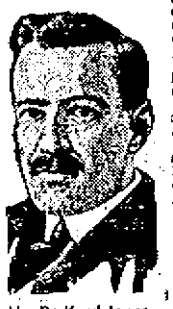


John Solomon, Incognito

by

H. Bedford-Jones

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H. Bedford-Jones.

It is a pleasure to turn from the scientific criminal investigator with his array of chemicals, test tubes and measuring devices; his superlative deductive processes and his uncanny insight into motives, actions, etc.; also the professional detective of fiction who sticks more closely to police methods is, in the majority of cases, too clever to be true and in consequence, a trifle boring; so that when one meets in a story a thief-catcher who succeeds on account of his experience with men, his common sense and a courage which is also mixed with prudence and caution, we welcome him as a relief, a reality, one we are glad to follow in his plausible career.

H. Bedford-Jones is an author who can tell a very thrilling and interesting story and give it the exact semblance of truth. He is a man of wide experience and travels, and we often wonder if his very exacting tales, frequently located in out-of-the-way places of the world, are not largely pages from the note book of his own career; his characters drawn largely from people whom he has met. We should like to think that the delightful little John Solomon were an actual being.

Here we have a character so unassuming, so self-effacing, so humorous and altogether agreeable, that it is hard to imagine him as anything but a pleasant, easy-going chap who is satisfied with life and any humble position into which it may have thrown him; so that it comes with a great surprise to learn that, while his agreeableness and quaint humor are natural, his humbleness and easy-going ways are but masks behind which he hides a keenness, a power of observation and penetration that are traps for the evil-doer whom he watches and seeks to frustrate.

Another stroke of originality in the pleasing and efficient John Solomon is the fact that he operates upon the sea or in connection with ships. We have had all sorts of land detectives, but the ocean detective is new. There certainly is a field for him both in actuality and for the purposes of fiction. And it is a tribute to the cleverness of H. Bedford-Jones that he has found one and put him to work. John Solomon would be interesting if for no other fact than that he is so different from the average criminologist or detective of fiction; but he has a variety of other qualities to recommend him, as you will discover by following this very delightful narrative.

CHAPTER I

In the old French quarter of New Orleans, there stands a house built by the great Marigny, who once owned all this portion of the town. This house has sheltered princes. Men numbering their slaves by the thousand have sat beneath its tapestries and sconces. Now it is a ruinous hovel. A musty bookstall huddles under its lordly porte-cochere; the bare brick walls echo to voices of foreigners. Against the bookstall snuggles a dingy restaurant, a cafe where one may buy Turkish or Chinese or Greek dishes, where the tables are filthy and unwashed.

At one of these tables sat two men, under the broken clock on the wall.

One was a Cidnaman, or passed for such. In reality he was a Manchu who made his living by distilling illegal spirits down on the Gulf coast. Once he had borne princely titles. Now he was old, weary, disease-smitten. Two things out of his past remained unchanged, being things of the spirit. One was the keen black eye, the other was the firm, resonant voice.

The second man was pudgy, cheaply dressed, small of stature. His hair was gray. His eyes were of clear china blue, set in a face absolutely devoid of expression. He seemed an inoffensive and cringing clerk, outworn and feeble. His voice held a cockney whine.

"So me old friend Adrien Lavergne is dead!" he said. "I might 'ave knowed it. I'm growin' old, just like that. So Lavergne is gone to 'is long 'ome! And 'e left a daughter?"

The Manchu assented. He was a man of severe dignity.

"He died very suddenly last winter," he responded in flawless English. "Fortunately, his daughter Aline has attained her majority."

"Oh!" said the pudgy little man. "Fortunately? And why so?"

"Because she has an uncle, David Macarty, and a distant cousin, his son Felix. Her uncle is a rapacious wolf. Her cousin is a vulture. And she believes evil of no man."

The white man digested this information slowly. He produced a plug of black tobacco, from which he whittled particles into a vile old clay pipe. At length he lighted this pipe and sighed wheezily.

"You are a werry observing man, Mr. Ah Lee—by the way, 'ow did it 'appen as you went and took that 'ere name?"

The other shrugged lightly. "One name serves as well as another. My own I do not wish to use, as you know. This name satisfies white men, and those of my own race—"

"Ain't askin' questions, I see." The little cockney nodded. "As I was a-goin' to say, you're a werry observing man, just like that. But even a Manchu can make mistakes."

Ah Lee started slightly. He bent upon his companion a regard which was keen, stern, sharp and swift as a sword-stroke. One gained the distinct impression that he held the dictum of this pudgy, nondescript man in the highest respect.

"It is written," he replied almost humbly, "that the superior man does not disdain whatever advice may come to his ears."

The white man sighed wheezily.

"Advice," he observed, "is all werry well in its place, I says, but I ain't got none to give, Mr. Ah Lee. Adrien Lavergne was me friend, just like that! I knowed 'im well. And 'is daughter ain't no fool. She ain't one to be mistook about that 'ere Macarty."

"I have met her often. We have talked much together. She is a flower whose petals have not been touched by any harsh wind. I would do much to save her, Mr. Solomon."

The blue eyes of Solomon dwelt upon him in unruffled calm.

"And what 'as she got to be saved from, sir?"

"I am not sure." The Manchu leaned forward. He dipped his fingers in the dregs of his tea and upon the dirty tablecloth drew a faint outline.

"Here is Cypremort Island on the bayou. The larger portion, so, is the Lavergne plantation. This thin strip, across the bayou, is the Macarty plantation. During the war, David Macarty made much money. Whenever Miss Lavergne comes to New Orleans, she comes in the Macarty steam-yacht, with David or Felix Macarty as escort. She would believe no ill of them. Yet they have ruined her, and hold her in a net from which she cannot escape."

Solomon scraped out his pipe, carefully, and refilled it.

"And 'ow is that?" he inquired.

Ah Lee made it clear that he was speaking largely from hearsay. Most



Ah Lee Made It Clear.

of his time was spent in the back bayous and canebrakes. There, in his business of making and selling arrack and rice wine, he was in constant touch with the numbers of outlaws who had refuge in the brakes; with the fishermen, white and brown and yellow, with the negroes and the Cajuns. Thus, what Ah Lee knew was only the gossip of the bayous.

"There is a man named Philbrick, John Philbrick," he said, "who is the overseer of the Lavergne plantation. He is an old fool and a drunkard. None the less, he would give his life for Miss Lavergne! Since the death of her father, Adrien Lavergne, who made some very foolish contracts, this Philbrick has been fighting a losing battle. At the same time, he has been trying to keep the girl in ignorance of her financial condition. He has taken the entire load upon his shoulders in the effort to save her trouble and worry.

"Miss Lavergne leaves all business to him. With him, the Macartys have had dealings. Now they are trying to get rid of him at all costs. Felix Macarty is down there now. I expect to hear any day that Philbrick has been poisoned or arrested or in some way got rid of, so that Felix may take over the place of overseer."

Solomon sucked at his pipe, then asked a wheezy question.

"And what's 'e after? Is 'e in love with 'er?"

"Undoubtedly. All men are," replied the Manchu simply. It was a plain statement of fact. "But this is not the ulterior objective. The Macartys want possession of the whole island, either by marriage or otherwise. Their reason, I do not know. It is a mystery."

Again there ensued a slight silence.

"So she is up 'ere with 'er blessed uncle, is she?" asked Solomon.

"Yes, for a week of the opera, I understand. David Macarty is her great-uncle, I believe; at least, the relationship is not close. It is a great pity that the girl is so dependent on John Philbrick. That man is weak—a weak stick on which to lean. He means well, and he is sincere. However, he is not equal to his task, he is not equal to fighting the Macartys. They have great influence. I imagine that the girl was brought here for a time so that Felix Macarty, who remained at the island, might remove Philbrick. The old fool is a dreamer, is drunk most of the time, and is terribly afraid of the Macarty's. Yet he fights!"

The expressionless face of Solomon showed a faint trace of a smile.

"Even a Manchu can make mistakes!" he said again. "A dreamer—afraid—and yet 'e fights! That 'ere Philbrick ain't such a bad sort."

Disquiet flitted across the wrinkled features of Ah Lee. This phrase on the lips of Solomon, so obviously a gentle rebuke, seemed to render him uneasy. He leaned back in his chair, brought forth a cigarette case, and lighted a cigarette. His black eyes searched the once more expressionless face of Solomon.

"While I'm a-thinkin' about it, Mr. Ah Lee," and the blue eyes struck up suddenly, "I suppose you ain't been an' found anything o' that 'ere man you've been wantin' to find a mortal long while? That 'ere Cap'n Wrexham?"

Something moved in the face of the Manchu—rather, underneath the face. It was as though the name of Wrexham provoked, deep inside of him, some terrible convulsion.

"Yes," he answered, quietly. "Yes. We shall come together before long. I may wait a long time to pay my debts, but ultimately they are paid."

The blue eyes rested reflectively upon that wrinkled, powerful face.

"You 'ave friends all about the world, Mr. Ah Lee?"

"You also have," retorted the Manchu, with a smile. "I have not known you long, yet I have known of you for a long time."

Solomon chuckled wheezily. "Well, now, what about this 'ere Dawid Macarty? What's the name of 'is blessed craft?"

"She is called the Watersprite. A small motor cruiser—"

"Does she 'ave a steward?" interjected Solomon.

"Yes."

Again a space of silence. These two singular men regarded each other for a long while. What thoughts were passing behind that wrinkled saffron mask, behind that blank and pudgy countenance, remained a mystery. At length Solomon tapped his pipe empty and broke the silence.

"If so be as I might ask a bit of 'elp from you, sir—"

"My friend," said the Manchu earnestly, "I am at your service, with all that I have! Especially if it is a question of helping Miss Lavergne."

"That's it," assented Solomon. "I want this 'ere steward took off Macarty's craft, and I want it done mortal quick. This werry day! I want 'im to up an' disappear, just like that. It'll cost some money; 'ere's a thousand dollars—"

The Manchu dignifiedly pushed back the roll of bills which Solomon produced.

"Let no money pass between us. This is a matter of our friendship, and of Miss Lavergne. Am I a poor man? Nonsense! Soon I shall be dead, and I wish to see her in safety."

"Werry good," said Solomon placidly. "But if you and me is a-goin' into partnership on this 'ere deal, it's likely to cost you more'n money."

"What do you mean?" The Manchu gave Solomon a quick, sharp glance.

"I don't rightly know." Solomon remained impassive. "But I 'ave a notion that Providence is a-workin' things out, Mr. Ah Lee. Sometimes Providence don't like to see a man payin' of 'is own debts. If so be as you want to draw out—"

"My word is never taken back," said the cold Manchu. "That steward shall vanish today."

"Werry good, sir. Does Macarty or 'is skipper 'ire 'is crew?"

"Macarty is his own skipper. It is his hobby."

"So much the better. And where's 'e stoppin' at?"

"At the St. Charles, with Miss Lavergne. Some engine work is being done on the yacht."

Solomon pushed back his chair. "And 'ow long are you a-going to be in town?"

"Only a day or so. I am arranging to market a consignment of arrack. Those two Arabs you sent me are good men; I owe you thanks for them. They know the work. By the way, I think that on this trip Miss Lavergne is arranging to mortgage some property of hers in Latouche. Macarty's game may be to force her to marry his son, or to sell him the plantation. I have discovered nothing of it."

Solomon nodded with his complacent air.

"Werry good. I'll 'ave me eye on things, thankin' you kindly."

The two men left the restaurant and separated.

Solomon, who walked a bit stiffly, made his way back to Canal street and hailed an empty taxicab. He handed the driver a large bill.

"Motor up an' down," he ordered the astonished driver. "Anywheres you like I want to think, just like that!"

He popped into the cab and lighted his pipe. For a space he sat motionless, while the car took the route out to Metairie, then he removed his shabby cap and shook his head.

"Dang it, there ain't no use to this 'ere thing!" he muttered. "Except for that there Ah Lee, I'll 'ave to play me own 'and. I'm a-gettin' old, and I ain't what I used to be. Just because 'er father was a werry good friend o' mine is no reason for me makin' a bloody fool of myself! But that's just what I'm a-doin' of this blessed minute."

He puffed in reflective silence. Then he spoke again.

"I'll 'ave to depend on Powidence, just like that! Providence ain't never yet failed to make good, I says, and ain't likely to start in bein' a failure at this late date. Yes, sir! Just you trust in Providence an' do your mortal best to be happy, as the old gent said when 'e buried 'is third."

"So I'll explain I with me plan. That there Ah Lee's a werry good man in 'is own way, too. But even a Manchu can make mistakes. An' 'e went an' made two this blessed day—first about



Solomon Nodded.

Miss Lavergne, and next about that 'ere Philbrick."

The taxi drove on.

At five-thirty that evening, Mr. John Solomon called at the St. Charles and sent up his card to Mr. David Macarty. With it, he sent word that he wished to apply for the position of steward aboard the Watersprite.

At five-fifty, David Macarty had engaged his new steward.

CHAPTER II

When the knock of destiny sounded at his door, Jack Fortier was discharging his typist.

"It's no use, Miss Smith—have to tell you the truth!" he said cheerfully. "Six months without a paying client has busted me. I'll have to take down my shingle and get a job in somebody's office."

The typist took the proffered check, with some embarrassment. She liked this husky young lawyer from the back districts. She was sorry to see him acknowledge failure.

"Perhaps," she faltered, "perhaps a week or so—I could do without—"

"Bless your soul!" exclaimed Fortier heartily. "Nothing doing that way, my dear girl! I wouldn't have it. I thank you, in any case; I appreciate your offer—"

At this instant came the rap at the door of the inner office. Both Fortier and Miss Smith started.

"No chance! It's somebody with a bill I'd forgotten. But you might see who—"

Miss Smith opened the door.

"Is Mr. Fortier here?" inquired a voice. "There was no one in the outer office—"

"Come right in, please," said the typist. "Very well, Mr. Fortier. I'll get out those letters immediately." The glance she flung Fortier was roguish. She disappeared.

Fortier held a chair for his visitor. He felt helpless, disconcerted before this vision. Perhaps she, on her part, felt a bit disconcerted over the youthful appearance of the lawyer. He was rather square of feature—those odd angles of a new generation in the city, a generation not worn down into the mold of cities life and form.

"I am at your service, madame," he said formally, and dropped into his swinging chair.

"You are not the Mr. Fortier I expected to see," she said quietly. "They told me at the bank that you were an elderly man."

Fortier glanced at her. Perhaps a slight compression of the lips showed his inner disappointment. He rose.

"The error has happened many times, madame," he said. "The other Fortier has offices on the floor above this. May I conduct you?"

"No," she said, leaning back in her chair. "No. Sit down, please. I—I must think a moment. I believe that I could trust you."

Jack Fortier sat down again. He was tremendously astonished, even agitated—that last sentence of her speech had held a remarkable simplicity. He perceived that he was dealing with no ordinary person, no woman who concealed her thoughts deftly. This girl was very frank. The gray eyes which she had bent upon him were startling in their clarity. It seemed to him that she must be reading into his heart.

"Excuse me," he said, "but—but I cannot take advantage of a mistake—"

"Please be quiet a moment," she said calmly. "It is I who am taking advantage of it."

Fortier leaned back in his chair and endured her scrutiny.

He gave her look for look—who could help it? And it speaks well for him that, under his steady regard, the girl felt no twinge of evil. Women feel such things strongly from the eyes of men.

Fortier knew that his own strong-willed aloofness was reeling under the very shock of her presence. He had never seen another such person in New Orleans. A girl indeed, yet matured beyond her years by southland suns, frail and delicate as finest steel, a fair flower crowned by waves of brownish hair and lighted by eyes of golden gray.

It was, for Jack Fortier, a moment of destiny. With her presence, he became aware that a sudden peace and sweetness had descended upon this office of his, this bare room. You have seen the Chinese magnolia, that slender tree, and you know how it perfumes a whole garden with the richest, most rare and subtle of all scents! So Aline Lavergne sat here, and from her exquisite spirit came a poised richness into all his world.

So strong was her personality, that, silent, she still dominated. Even then, in this first moment, Fortier sensed how she was going to startle and confound him, and leave him aching with the hurt of loving her; and not him alone, but all who came into contact with the calm peace of her level eyes.

"I should like to know," her voice wakened him, "who you are and where you come from, Mr. Fortier. I am very uncertain whom I can safely trust. You will pardon me—"

Fortier's air made this seem quite the usual thing from client to attorney.

"It is simply told," he said, smiling a little. "I have done my reading in the back country—in the office of Judge Saizon, in St. Landry parish. Six months ago I was admitted to the bar and came to New Orleans. I have been here six months. I know nobody. I have not had a client except in a few charity cases. I have had little experience. If you need a very capable attorney, I should suggest that you see the other Fortier—"

"That's enough," she said, and smiled suddenly. "I need an honest man before I need an attorney—and you are one, Mr. Fortier. My need is for advice and help, not for legal trickery."

Fortier inclined his head gravely. "I am at your service, madame."

He could never afterward think of this first meeting with Aline Lavergne and not lapse into an extravagance of ideas. She was so perfectly poised that one thought her a woman of the world, yet she was pure of the world, aloof from it. Aline was no untutored ninny, no ignorant slip who thought that children were left in the cabbage patch. Yet, Fortier understood that she had been all her life in a retired corner of the state, down on the Gulf coast. About the girl was something untouched and indefinitely sweet—a quiet force of character. Later, perhaps, you will more clearly understand what is so difficult to reach with words.

She told him of herself and of her family. This was why she had been afraid. David Macarty was concerned in many lines of business, was in touch with many men; she had been in fear lest her present errand become known to him. She told Fortier about Cypremort Island, the greater part of which was her property, and about Philbrick, her overseer.

"I have just learned, through an accident," she went on, "that instead of being wealthy I am poor—and shall probably be poorer. I am convinced that my uncle and my cousin are in some way trying to keep me under their control, trying to impoverish me. I have no proofs of this. They are very kind and ostensibly my best friends. But they hate Philbrick, who dislikes them in turn. The antagonism has always been open there."

Fortier nodded, astonished by her perfect poise. Somehow, too, it heartened him—made him see most clearly that this girl had nothing to fear. There are some people to whom no evil can come from within. There are still fewer to whom no evil can penetrate from without—whose hearts are absolutely immune to the touch or circumstance of evil's corroding finger.

Of this latter class was Aline. The sheer wonder of her held Fortier silent, awed. Two or three times in a life, perhaps, one encounters such a person, and one is liable to the thought that they are too good for this world, moving through life like beings set apart from its realities. This is wrong. In such a person the humanity may be hard to awaken. Once aroused, it comes into bloom very powerfully, a sweet and marvelous thing.

"I received a letter today from Philbrick," she went on. "You must understand him. Here is an inclosure from his letter—he wrote this."

Fortier took the paper she handed him. He was much amazed at the lines of verse. The girl had etched Philbrick swiftly as is old man, a hero drinker. This dissolute old overseer was then a poet! This remarkable thing was the very ecstasy of youth which breathed in the lines; not their perfection, but their spirit. Few men retain that first springing exultation of youthful fire; few men in later life but regret in vain the fled divinity.

"He is a wonderful man," affirmed Aline, "when he is understood. That, I believe, applies to most people."

"It does," assented Fortier slowly. "Only—we seldom find other people worth our understanding. That is the trouble with many of us."

"Now you must read his letter." The girl laid another paper on Fortier's desk. "It will amaze you—particularly the last paragraph. It will also help you to understand things better. Unfortunately, I don't understand them all myself."

Here is as much of Philbrick's letter as is important—a letter written by an old drunken overseer of sixty:

"Dear Magnolia Flower: The Gulf is blue and sparkling, but the land is dark and somber. Only good seems to blow in from the sea, only evil comes from the bayous—a miasmatic mist of passions.

"Much peddling of liquor hereabouts. No honest corn juice, but heathenish abomination. That saffron fiend, Ah Lee, gives the hands rice wine. I have ordered him off the place; he understands I will shoot on sight. I do not like Asia, anyway. Then there is a new man here, came the day after you left, with a wonderful little schooner. A Captain Wrexham. He has brought some good whisky. A queer devil spewed out of some far corner of the world. He tells wonderful stories. He saw the photographs on the mantel, and I think he has fallen in love with you.

"I am horribly afraid—of what, I know not. I am afraid by day and night. Your cousin Felix sits all day fishing just off our dock, and watches. His father's dam is going up daily behind. We must install new pumps at once, but there is not quite enough money.

"I think that devil Ah Lee has tried to kill me. Two nights ago I got a big black buck in my room. He weighed two hundred. He was putting a white powder into my whisky decanter when I crept out. I have great regrets for the whisky. The buck was a stranger—probably an outlaw. Don't worry, however.

"Yours in love.

"JOHN PHILBRICK."

Jack Fortier studied this astonishing letter. Behind it, his mind sensed a



Jack Fortier Studied This Astonishing Letter.

looming pattern of dark purposes and evil men. He fancied that this overseer must, despite his admitted terror, contain some great qualities of soul.

As he read that letter again, he sensed something more in it, some stratum of conflicting forces which he did not understand. He perceived that Philbrick was no fool. Why this mention of the unknown Captain Wrexham, and the Chinaman? And what silent fight was waging between Philbrick and Felix Macarty?

"If I'm going into this," said Fortier slowly, "I must understand everything. First, this Ah Lee. Why does Philbrick write to you about him?"

"Because Ah Lee is a friend of mine," said the girl simply. "You see, Philbrick is very opinionated and stubborn. He knows or suspects that Ah Lee makes liquor and sells it to the negroes. Perhaps; I don't know. I have often met Ah Lee, however, and talked with him. He is interesting, a gentleman, an educated man. He is old and wise. But Philbrick thinks he is dangerous—treats me as though I were a child, bless his honest heart!"

She smiled as she said this.

"Very well," said Fortier. "Then, about Felix Macarty. Would your overseer dare say—"

"Listen, please!" Aline spoke earnestly, swiftly. "Philbrick has been with us for many years. He is almost a member of the family, you see? He has always disliked the Macartys, and they him. But we never discuss the matter at home. You must not consider Philbrick as a servant, but as a very dear friend whom I would trust with my life."

Fortier assented. "This final paragraph—do you believe your Chinese friend tried to murder Philbrick?"

A cloud troubled her clear eyes.

"No. No—that is impossible, incredible! Philbrick doubtless believes it, but I cannot. There must be some other explanation which we don't know."

"Very well. Now, Miss Lavergne, this mention of a dam and pumps—"

"Oh, that is the important thing!" cried the girl swiftly. "You see, we've been in the city for a week or more, and then return for another week. Uncle David has been selling his franchise from Baton Rouge—"

The lips of Fortier twitched. "Not so fast, please! What franchise?"

She laughed at her own impetuosity, although the shadow lingered in her clear eyes.

"It gives Uncle David the right to dam the bayou behind the island, in order to form some kind of electric power. Now, something I overheard my uncle say in the hotel yesterday gave me the—the idea that this will hurt our plantation and that he doesn't care. An arm of the bayou overflows our rice fields; they must have a lot of water, you see. If he dams the bayou—"

"He wouldn't be allowed to cut off your water," put in Fortier.

"We can't stop it," she said. "I remember now that Philbrick has hinted to me about it. Perhaps he was trying to keep me from suspecting the truth—oh, I feel so helpless! But we shall have to put in pumps and machinery. I have always thought that we were quite rich—and I realize now, after I have been to the bank, that we are not.

"You see," she added naively, "I have never bothered with business. I have just been a silly, useless spender of money. Now, I hope, I have wakened to something better! And I do know that just before he died, my father made some rice contracts. Philbrick has not said much about it, so today I got some information at the bank. They said they could not advise me, and sent me to you—or to the other Mr. Fortier. They gave me an outline of the contracts—I have it here."

Jack Fortier frowned.

"Miss Lavergne," he said, "I am interested in this matter. None the less, I hesitate to step in. If the bank sent you to Mr. Fortier, it was because they knew him to be well versed in certain kinds of law. For your own sake—"

"For my own sake," and the girl flashed him a smile, "I ask not skill, but honesty. Uncle David's hands [illegible] as far, I assure you! If he were to discover that I have retained [illegible] would probably try to buy you [illegible]."

"By all means, come into the open and let him discover it, then!" said Fortier. "Now about those rice contracts—did the bank give you any

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JOHN SOLOMON INCOG

(Continued from Page 3)

notes on them? Do you know who holds the contracts?"

"I don't know. Yes, here is a memorandum which the bank furnished me—rather reluctantly, I must say; perhaps it will help you. Now, Mr. Fortier, I must be gone—I do not want my uncle to suspect anything. That is, until I am certain of my own suspicions. Here is a check for five hundred dollars—no, I insist! And I may stop in tomorrow and clear up whatever I have forgotten or overlooked today."

Fortier tapped the check in his fingers, frowning slightly.

"Let us say the day after tomorrow, Miss Lavergne—at any hour. I must run up to Baton Rouge tonight. The member from Opelousas is a very good friend of mine, and he can furnish me some information regarding your uncle. Also, that franchise."

"Very well. And thank you!"

Fortier bowed over her hand gravely. There was in him a touch of rural courtesy which is too often lacking in city life.

"Thank you, Miss Lavergne! The opportunity to be of service to you is, I assure you, its own best reward. And I trust that when you return I may have some news for you."

Aline Lavergne departed.

A little later, the typist tapped on the door of the private office, and entered. She found Fortier sitting in his chair, looking from the window, lost in abstraction. A smile touched her lips.

"Is there anything further today, Mr. Fortier?"

He glanced up, and flushed her a responsive smile.

"No, Miss Smith. I am glad to say that the office will remain open for a while yet."

"Oh, I am glad, too—for your sake," she answered.

CHAPTER III

While in Baton Rouge his friend in the legislature supplied Fortier with abundance of information—and a word of advice.

"Chuck it, Fortier! It's ruin for you to go against David Macarty, as I believe you hinted you are about to do. The man is powerful. So is his son. Both are unscrupulous, and will not hesitate to wipe you out like a fly on the wall. You can't possibly do a thing against them, and will only ruin your own future. Macarty has a finger in a dozen business pies, and he's infernally clever."

"Much obliged," said Fortier quietly. "See you later."

"Stubborn devil!" retorted his friend. "Don't drag me into it."

Returning to New Orleans, Fortier worked hard getting his facts marshaled in order. When he had finished, he was appalled by the results.

Shortly after luncheon, on the day appointed, Aline Lavergne entered the office. As he received her and made ready to impart what he had gathered, Fortier's face gave no indication of the hopelessness which he felt. Just the contrary, in fact. The thought of Macarty, and what was being done to this girl, brought steel into his blue eyes and anger into his heart.

"And what have you learned, Mr. Fortier?" she asked, her calm eyes searching him.

"Enough, I'm afraid. It appears that your father made extremely unwise contracts. Financially very favorable, they bound him to unfortunate things. If the rice crop failed, due to mismanagement, he was responsible. The sole person to profit by the mismanagement was the other party to the contract. No business man would have signed such a paper, but your father was a gentleman, not a business man."

"And—does my uncle hold those contracts?"

"I don't know. They still have two years to run. I could discover nothing about them. Do you know whether last year's crop was sold to your uncle?"

"Yes! Philbrick mentioned it several times. The price was very good and—"

Fortier's mouth hardened.

"Then there is no doubt of it. Macarty holds the contracts. I presume we shall find that Philbrick was helpless to break them, since they bound the estate and not the living planter. You see, they put the estate absolutely in the power of Macarty. If the crop fails, he alone is the judge—he may declare that the failure is the fault of Philbrick, and then collect his damages."

"But that is unjust!" exclaimed Aline, her eyes widening.

"Exactly. The law makes no pretensions to justice, Miss Lavergne. The Code Napoleon sets a standard of laws, to infringe which is wrong. A contract is a sacred thing. Your father signed a contract, which must be adhered to. Now, let us proceed.

"Here is a map of Latouche parish, showing your property." Fortier spread out the map before the girl. "Under the name of the Cypremort Power company, your uncle obtained a franchise giving him large theoretical powers down there. But, provided he dams the bayou and erects a power plant, to whom will it give service?"

Aline glanced up. "Why, nobody. We're twenty miles from Latouche, and there's no other town—"

"Exactly." Fortier made a gesture. "You see? That power plant is a blind! It will never be anything except a dam. Now, then, why did your uncle obtain the right to dam that bayou? Because, in so doing, he would check the overflow of water which made the lower portion of Cypremort island the richest bit of rice land in the state!"

The girl nodded. She regarded him



She Regarded Him Gravely.

gravely, trouble lying deep in her clear eyes.

"Now let us digress a moment," pursued Fortier. "I must pry into your personal affairs, before going on with this theory of the dam. If you were wealthy, the dam could not hurt you. But you told me that you were not. Is your land mortgaged?"

"No," she replied. "Not the plantation. I have just arranged to mortgage some town property in Latouche. But Cypremort is clear."

"Have you any knowledge of why you are not wealthy? Do you suspect anyone of theft?"

A slight tinge of color came into her cheeks.

"No. Philbrick has always been in full charge. Whenever he needs money, I sign a check. You would not insinuate that he would thieve? Why, if he needed money for himself, he could have it and welcome!"

"I suspect nobody," returned Fortier, "and least of all, Philbrick. Perhaps he is a poor manager, a poor overseer. You say last year's crop was good—"

The girl made a weary gesture.

"Perhaps the chief fault has been mine, Mr. Fortier! I have been silly, extravagant, perfectly heedless of money. I never thought of it as hard to get. Since father died, we have spent a great deal on the place itself. The house has needed repairs, and we have put up new quarters for the hands. Whenever I wanted something done, I told Philbrick to get it done—that was all. And the boats! We have many of them. Launches and so on. I think Philbrick said the wharf we built this spring cost two thousand dollars. You see? It is all my fault."

Fortier nodded. He perceived only too well how things had gone.

"Did your uncle encourage this expenditure? Or was he ignorant of it?"

The gray eyes flashed suddenly.

"Oh! That—that is true! I remember now—and it was Felix who said he could get it for me at a low price—"

"How much?" queried Fortier dryly.

"Let me see—I think fifteen hundred—"

"Very well. Now I can understand things much better," said Fortier. "Let me show you, now, just what can be done by your uncle. When or before the dam is completed, he will order Philbrick to install an irrigation system. If Philbrick neglects to do it, and the rice crop fails, Macarty can obtain a judgment against you in the courts. I suppose you have no idea what such a system would cost?"

"Yes," said the girl unexpectedly, and drew a card from her pocketbook. "There are the figures. I obtained them yesterday. Pumping system and all."

"Have you sufficient money to install it?"

"Not by half. Unless we mortgage the island."

Fortier made a comprehensive gesture, and leaned back in his chair.

"There is the whole thing in a nutshell, Miss Lavergne. All is perfectly legal. We cannot proceed against your uncle in any way, shape or fashion. The damage has been done, and there is nothing to do but to pay the piper. That is correct. If Philbrick is ordered to install an irrigation system—we shall know that the suspicion is true. But we can prove no conspiracy or other wrong."

"I believe that you have diagnosed the whole matter correctly," said the girl calmly. "Surely there must be some way of escape?"

Fortier nodded, drumming on the desk-top with his fingers.

"None. We haven't finished our diagnosis, yet, however. Why is your uncle doing this? Let us say, to get control of Cypremort plantation. Then, for what reason? He is wealthy enough. At least, he is comfortably well off. Why does he want that island?"

Aline shook her head. "I do not know. He has never said that he wanted it—"

"Of course. Is anything there of some great value?"

"The house and its contents, yes. Otherwise, nothing."

The eyes of Fortier searched her face.

"Pardon me, Miss Lavergne—but has your cousin ever proposed marriage?"

The question brought no confusion to her eyes. She nodded quietly.

"Yes, several times. I do not care for him, however. You mean, that if I were to marry him, the whole thing would be solved? Yes, I understand. But that is entirely out of the question, Mr. Fortier!"

"Good!" exclaimed Fortier. Her eyes widened.

"Why do you say that?"

Fortier laughed suddenly, boyishly. "Because I'm pleased, Miss Lavergne! From what I have learned, I do not believe your cousin to be entirely honorable—to be the sort of man for whom you would care. So, for your sake, I'm pleased!"

Now, indeed, a slight tinge of color crept into the girl's cheeks.

"There is absolutely nothing to be done at present," pursued Fortier quickly. "But I would suggest that you write Philbrick, tell him that you have wakened to the truth, tell him all about your talks with me. If he is served with a notice to irrigate the island, that will mean open war with your uncle.

"In the meantime, I would suggest no open break with the Macartys—at least, not until you get home again. Keep everything pleasant, if possible, at any price. I want to learn everything that I can about David Macarty, here in the city and about his son. Then I want to go down to Cypremort and make an investigation on the spot."

"To what end?" queried the girl. "You say there is no hope—"

"No, no! I said there was no escape." Fortier laughed. "There is always hope, Miss Lavergne! If I go down there, it will be fight. I tell you frankly, I see no chance of contesting matters with Macarty in a legal battle—as things now stand. Down there, on the ground, I may find many loopholes."

She regarded him steadily for a moment.

"Shall I give you a note to Philbrick, then?"

Fortier shook his head.

"Let us wait. I shall be busy here for several days, in any case, and there is no immediate hurry. When I shall go to the island is uncertain. One must first go to Latouche?"

"That is the end of the railroad," she assented. "You had better write Philbrick of your coming, so that he can meet you with a launch. But, Mr. Fortier, if you are going to give your time to such an investigation, I wish that you would have some agreed compensation with me. You understand, I am thinking hard about money these days, when I should have been doing it in past months and years!"

Fortier made a negative gesture. His eyes, as he looked at her, were forceful.

"I am not taking this case for money, Miss Lavergne. I accepted your retainer because I needed it—but it is a fee, not a retainer. If I am unable to be of use to you I shall return that money."

The girl's shoulders went back, but Fortier continued before she could speak.

"Please bear in mind one thing, Miss Lavergne! My name, like yours, is an old one."

She caught the proud, unuttered significance of those words. It was true that she had been tempted to think of him as a lawyer, a hireling, one who served for a fee. Now, as she met his steady gaze, her face changed. Her hand went out to him.

"I am glad that you are my friend, Mr. Fortier. Have you any further instructions to give me, now?"

Fortier looked down at her slim hand in his, then let it fall and shook his head.

"Nothing, Miss Lavergne. Write Philbrick at once; tell him to advise me of any other details that he may learn—particularly, as to why the Macarty's should want to get hold of your land. Let Philbrick understand that I am handling the case for you. If any business matters turn up, refer them to me. Macarty may down us, but we'll give him a fight!"

"Just what kind of a fight?" queried the girl. "A legal one?"

"Any kind he wants," returned Fortier, with frankness. "From what I understand, your uncle will stop at nothing. Well, neither will I stop at anything! I am fighting for you—and if need be, I shall fight the devil with fire!"

The calm gray eyes of the girl kindled for a moment—kindled into a swift flame that came and went again. Then she turned to the door.

"Very well. Au revoir!"

Fortier showed her out. When the door of the outer office had closed behind her, he turned and met the gaze of the typist. Miss Smith smiled at him.

"What a beautiful gown!" said the little stenographer.

"Yes?" murmured Fortier. "I didn't observe it."

"A gentleman was here a few moments ago. He refused to give his name or to wait, but said he would be back shortly."

"Light a bull to collect?" and Fortier's lips curled whimsically. "Still, I can pay it!"

"No, sir—I think he was a client."

"Impossible! Well, if he comes, bring him in."

Fortier returned to his desk, and forgot the new client.

His thoughts were of Aline Lavergne. Everything in him revolted against the chance of that rare flower being stripped and plundered by the Macartys. Either plot or circumstances had placed her in their power; he could see no logical way of working out her salvation. Yet he knew that somehow, somewhere, he must find a way.

"And what's the motive?" he reflected, puzzled by this point. "They're spending a lot of time and money to work it adroitly—why? Merely to get hold of her plantation? I hardly think so. There must be something behind it all."

Miss Smith knocked and came into the office. She closed the door behind her.

"He's here again!" she exclaimed eagerly. "He has no card. His name is Thompson."

Fortier nodded and gestured assent. Miss Smith stood in the caller.

He was a tall stooping man with mournful eyes and large hands. He



Miss Smith Showed In the Caller.

was dressed in dark blue, and his yachting cap bore the insignia of some craft.

"You're Mr. Fortier?" he said. "My name's Thompson. I've just heard that a relative of mine has died in San Francisco, leaving me some money. I'm a seaman—second mate on a craft here in harbor—and I'm tied up. Can I hire you to go to Frisco and get my money?"

Fortier shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Thompson. I'm quite busy, and can't very well—"

"Oh, there's money in it for you!" interjected Thompson quickly. "Maybe you think I'm poor? But I ain't. I got a thousand in my pocket to advance you—a thousand in cash. Then I'll give you a percentage on the estate. It ain't small pickings, either—about thirty thousand all told. It's worth it to me to have it attended to."

"It's quite impossible," said Fortier curtly. "If you'll step to the office of Gray & Fortier, on the floor above, you'll be able to get your case handled—and you'll not have to pay out so large a fee. Good day."

Thompson, with a growl, departed. The man seemed ill pleased.

Lighting a cigar, Fortier stood looking out the window, over the array of roofs and office buildings opposite. How he would have jumped at this client, only a few days ago! How the very thought of a thousand-dollar fee would have made his pulses leap! And here he had turned down the man with scant courtesy. Why?

A tap on the door. Miss Smith, eager in her employer's behalf, entered.

"Was it another client?" she exclaimed.

Fortier turned, removed the cigar from his lips, and smiled. He knew and appreciated the kindly quality of her curiosity—was aware that it held no impertinence.

"No," he said whimsically. "It was a gentleman who had a bribe in his pocket, Miss Smith. The next caller, I presume, will carry a blackjack."

She stared at him, wide-eyed.

"I don't understand, Mr. Fortier!"

"Unfortunately, Miss Smith, I cannot explain. But don't be alarmed—and don't take my words literally. By the way, I shan't be here until noon tomorrow. And if any other clients show up, turn 'em over to Gray & Fortier, upstairs."

Miss Smith looked horrified.

(To be continued)

Flowering Plants in Britain.

Flowering plants known in the British Isles include over a quarter of a million varieties.

On Passing Others.

Be less eager to pass others than to surpass yourself.—Forbes Magazine.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

"HIKES" GROW IN POPULARITY

City People Every Day Becoming More Addicted to Long Walks Through the Country.

Days of the hike picnic are here. The hike picnic differs from the old-fashioned sedentary picnic in that the picnickers do not sit on the grass, but walk on it.

It is an entirely peripatetic social function, except when those who walk stop briefly for rest or luncheon.

These walking clubs now exist in cities all over the country. From the first one in Washington, they have multiplied greatly. New York city has hundreds of them, so that a whole page is devoted in some of the dailies to mapping out and describing "routes" in the nearby country.

Recently, in Kansas City, a walking excursion was advertised on a certain day, to which the invitation was general, and more than 1,000 excursionists were on hand on the bright and sunny morning with which the event was favored.

It might have suggested the beginning of Peter the Hermit's celebrated hike, although this time banners were neglected.

If hikes are to become one of the great outdoor diversions it may not be long until armies move down the country roads armed with sandwiches and tin drinking cups, filling the air with songs and conversational clamor of the populace.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ASSOCIATE SOUND AND COLOR

Both Children and Adults, Frequently Unconsciously, Link the Two in Their Minds.

Mr. Horace B. English sends an account of the following interesting incident to Science Magazine. It seems to indicate the manner in which children, and many adults as well, come to associate sounds with colors.

Fulton (aged three years, eleven months, listening to the phonograph) —Daddy, I think soft music is yellow.

Dr. P. (his father, a distinguished chemist)—Yellow? And what color is loud music?

Fulton—Well, it is black.

Dr. P.—And what is blue music like?

Fulton—Blue music is loud, but not so loud as the black music.

Dr. P.—Tell me, why is soft music yellow?

Fulton (after thinking a moment)—Well, when you mark with yellow crayon on paper, you can't see it very well, but when you mark with black you can.

British Engineers Busy.

Contracts for engines and railroad stocks for foreign and Colonial customers have been booked by British firms in such volume as to keep their engineers and laborers hard at work for months to come. Beardmore and Company of Glasgow have obtained an order for the reconstruction of repairing workshops of Portuguese railroads and are making 27 locomotives and 3,370 pairs of wheels for Indian railroads. Beyer, Peacock and Company, Ltd., of Gorton, Manchester, have booked an order for 30 locomotives from the East Indian Railway company. Beardmore and Company also will make three engines for East Burmah, and the Vulcan company of Manchester is manufacturing 35 locomotives for India. Altogether British engineering firms have recently booked orders from abroad for close upon $10,000,000.

Honor Memory of Byron.

Recently the grammar school of Aberdeen unveiled a statue of Lord Byron, its most distinguished pupil, who died a hundred years ago.

The poet was born in 1792 and became a pupil of the grammar school in 1795, continuing there for three years. The places where he spent his vacations as a schoolboy are much visited by admirers.

Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 6 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 26. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

181 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

DON'T WAIT FOR BREAKDOWN

Writer Gives Reasons Why It Pays to Have Regular Times for Physical Examinations.

Most people have had the experience of going to a doctor for an examination at some time in their lives, some have had to go many times. Usually they have gone because there was something wrong with them, pain, fever, a cough, a rash or what not, but anyway, something for the doctor to study, give a name to and prescribe for. But imagine the factory manager who waits for the machinery in his plant to break down before he gives thought to having it overhauled—how long would he keep his job? Is his machinery more important or more liable to accidents than that of your body? Don't you think it would pay to have it overhauled before the breakdown comes and to see if the machinery is really being run efficiently?

In Hygeia, Dr. Haven Emerson, professor of public health in Columbia university, gives reasons enough to convince the most skeptical that health examinations pay, not only in increased health but also in dollars and cents. "It has grown to be a custom" for people who employ men and women in large numbers in shops and factories "to have each new employee examined to see if he or she is in sound health." And again: "Many of the unions are requiring an annual health examination of their members, because they have found this the best way to prevent the illnesses which cost their sick benefit funds so much." If these people who are in big business find it worth while and economical there is probably something in it.

STILL AFTER BOLL-WEEVIL

Department of Agriculture Experts Looking Into Another Scheme for Pest's Extermination.

An attempt to attack the conquering cotton boll-weevil by more subtle means than have hitherto been employed is about to be started by the Department of Agriculture. Such crude methods as gassing and poisoning having been ineffective, the insect is going to be lured to his doom through his sense of smell. At least such is the hope of the department experts.

A research is about to be begun to find out if there be any particular odor or emanation from the cotton plant which attracts the weevil. If such is found, it will be studied until the chemical substances which cause its action are isolated. It is hoped these may then be made synthetically and used to lure the pest of the cotton fields from the cotton to poison baits or else to cause him to raise a family before the cotton is developed enough to furnish them with proper means of support.—By Science Service.

Schools in Philippines.

The Philippine Islands have a total of 2,174 schools, public and private, with an approximate enrollment of 1,160,000, according to the bureau of education and the superintendent of private schools. It is estimated that the Philippines have a population of 2,500,000 children of school age.

Public schools alone number 7,641 and attendance reached a total of 1,034,472 during the last year, while private schools number 532 and have an enrollment of 64,835.

Eighty-five per cent of the private schools in the Philippines are religious institutions, and only 15 per cent secular. Seventy-seven per cent of the religious private schools are Catholic, while the remaining 8 per cent are Protestant.

The public school system, in which English is taught, includes 24,878 teachers, 341 of whom are Americans.

Staid Lady and Pink Garters.

I am somewhat of a staid lady of mature years, whom no one would suspect of wearing a pair of pink ruffly garters. But I had a new pair, nevertheless, and being rather tight, to ease myself, I pulled them down around my ankles when eating breakfast, on a nice spring morning recently. I started out. I was tripping along happily when I happened to glance downward. Horrors! There were those pink garters around my ankles, and my skirt was after the flapper type. There was nothing to do but stoop and pull them up. A hasty glance over my shoulder revealed a man behind me with a broad grin on his face. I lost no time in turning a corner.—Chicago Tribune.

For Furniture Designers.

A recent exhibition of old American furniture contained a rocking chair of the Windsor type which had a drawer under its seat. Why not popularize this idea in chairs built today for the diminutive home whose just boast, "I am easy to take care of," sometimes calls forth the answering wail, "Yes, but where shall I put my things while I do it?"

Astronomical.

The sun is a million and a quarter times as big as the earth and 332,800 times as heavy. The size of the fixed stars and the planets varies greatly; some are smaller than the earth, while others are larger even than the sun. The earth revolves completely on its axis every 24 hours, or 365 times a year.

Established 1758

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 131
Home Telephone 1030

Saturday, August 4, 1923

A Boston paper says that last Sunday was the coldest 29th day of July in 26 years. We can readily vouch for the truthfulness of that statement.

Auto accidents last Sunday killed thirty-one persons and fatally wounded four more, besides wounding a score or more in addition. Every fatality was the result of carelessness on the part of some one.

They have discovered in the far East the bones of an animal which the scientists declare to be five million years old. Why limit it to millions? Why not call it billions years old? Nobody could prove the contrary.

The United States is the richest country in the world, and it pays its ambassador to Great Britain $17,500 a year. Great Britain pays Sir Auckland Geddes $97,330 and furnishes him a home, rent free. The papers have much to say of the superiority of the empire's diplomatic service. Well?

A warning to golfites. A Pennsylvania judge has just granted a man a divorce because his wife played too much golf. They had been married ten years and never had any serious differencesexcept that the wife played too much golf. The judge evidently considered this a just ground for divorce, so he granted it.

Official reports show that emigrants are still rushing to this country in large numbers. British emigration is rapidly on the increase. There are three reasons assigned for this British emigration. 1, Continued British unemployment; 2, the bumper wheat crop of North America; 3, tales of high wages for harvesters.

Fifty years ago next Thursday Mr. Thompson was recommended as a teacher in the Newport High School. He was chosen unanimously and from that day till his lamented death last Tuesday, no town or city in the country had a better, or more beloved teacher. Many a man and woman today who have had the benefit of his instruction, mourn his irreparable loss.

Ford, who was sixty years old last Monday, says he does not wish to be President, and that Harding is a good enough President for him. That shows the great flivver maker to be a very sensible man. Ford, now admitted to be the richest man in the world, was twenty years ago, on his fortieth birthday, a poor man. He was, just previous to that date, working as a master mechanic for the Edison Electric Power Company for $125 a month and carrying his dinner like any other workman.

Reports show that the cotton weaving industry is at a standstill in New England, while it is rapidly on the increase in many of the Southern states. This is accounted for by the cheap labor of the South, but more especially by the less hampering laws of that region. The reports show more than eleven millions active spindles in the Carolinas, which is nearly equal to all New England, which up to a very recent time was the great center of cotton spinning. New England is fast losing its prestige as a great manufacturing center.

The increase in savings bank deposits in this state in the last three years is the largest in the history of Rhode Island banking. During the past year, since the Sherwood amendment to the prohibition law went into effect, the deposits have surpassed any previous year. Such is the report of the State Banking Commissioner just published. Friends of prohibition rightly point to that fact as one strong argument in favor of the present law. There is no question but that much money formerly spent in the saloon now finds it way into the banks.

According to all appearances the next national Democratic convention will be a lively affair. At present writing it would take more than an ordinary prophet to predict the result. There are nearly a dozen full-fledged candidates in the field. Ex-President Wilson's son-in-law, MacAdoo, seems to have the lead at present writing, but there are many growing candidates in the field. More than all, the great flivver maker must be considered. It requires a two-thirds vote to nominate in a Democratic national convention. The man who goes into the fight with a majority of the delegates has no surety of winning. It has many times happened that the man with the majority of the votes at the onset was the man most likely to be slaughtered in the final result.

WHY THIS DIFFERENCE?

Anthracite coal has been selling in Boston for $15 a ton, while in Newport the same coal costs $16.75. Why this difference? Newport has just as good facilities for landing coal as has Boston. Newport is many miles nearer the coal fields than Boston. Newport does not have the dangerous Cape Cod to go round. Newport harbor is in every whit as good and convenient as is Boston harbor, and the wharf charges must be much less. Why, then, do the people of Newport have to pay nearly two dollars a ton more for coal than do Bostonians?

In Providence coal is selling something over a dollar a ton less than in Newport. Freights must be considerably lower to Newport than to Providence. Evidently our dealers are not satisfied with the profit the dealers in other cities receive.

President Harding left Washington on June 20, on his trip to Alaska, and his first speech was delivered June 21, at St. Louis. He made many addresses between that time and July 5th, when he embarked on the transport Henderson for the voyage through the inside passage of Alaska. Enroute back to Vancouver and Seattle he and several members of the party were made ill by ptomaine poisoning, believed to have been caused by a crab dish served at a dinner. Upon his arrival at San Francisco the President seemed to be improved, but heart symptoms developed and all his remaining coast engagements were cancelled. These include speeches at San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego.

Divorces in most of the New England states have increased more than thirty per cent. in the last ten years. This is a bad showing. The report covers New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut. Rhode Island is not mentioned. Marriages in these states with New Jersey and Delaware added numbered in 1916, 92,531; in 1922 only 80,883, while divorces numbered in 1922, 7,513, compared with 5,793 in 1916.

Ford, now reputed to be the richest man in the world, began the making of flivvers twenty years ago. His Company was organized with the modest capital of $27,000. The first car manufactured by Ford was sold in July, 1903. At this date he has passed the eight million mark in the number of cars sold. The growth of Ford's business and his rapid increase in wealth has no parallel in the country's history.

Secretary Weeks thinks the United States may yet be drawn into another World War. The Secretary expresses the hope that the award committee would be able to present a plan for cooperation in promoting world peace. He claimed, however, that the War department was determined to be prepared for any emergency.

Warren G. Harding is the sixth President to die in office. The others were William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, and William McKinley. The first two died from natural causes, and the last three were victims of assassins.

There are said to be 20,103,761 Catholics in this country. Of this number it is said that 900,000 live in what is known as the Boston district. There are 218 churches in the Boston district. This denomination is growing with great rapidity.

Mr. Asa B. Kennan, who has served for thirty years in the United States Engineer Department, most of the time in Newport, has been placed upon the retired list. He has been connected with the Engineer Office in Providence since its removal from Newport.

On Monday next the days will have shortened just one hour. The sun will rise then at 5.41 and set at 8.00. The days will be 14 hours and 19 minutes long. There will be a new moon on the 12th.

Mr. William B. Sherman, Jr., who has been engaged in the dry goods business in this city since 1878, is disposing of his stock and when this is accomplished will retire from active business.

The police are making inquiries for Grace Campbell of Somerville, Mass., who was last heard from in Newport. Relatives are afraid that she may have intended to take her own life.

Hon. Patrick J. Murphy has been appointed a member of the Newport Court House Commission to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Roderick Terry.

Newport has fifteen young men at the Training Camp at Camp Devens, which opened on Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. Russell K. Bryer of New York are visiting Miss Elizabeth Bryer in this city.

REST FOR BRAIN

Proper Periods for Sleeping Are Imperative.

No Substitute for "Nature's Sweet Restorer" Has Been Found, or Is Likely to Be.

An American doctor has been trying to find a substitute for sleep.

He has calculated that we spend about one-third of our lives in more or less complete unconsciousness and that the average man of fifty-one has been asleep for seventeen years, says a specialist in an article in the Central China Post.

The idea is that this is a great waste of life, and that if one could take a pill, or a dose of medicine instead of going to bed he would really have added many years to his allotted span.

But the research for such a substitute failed, utterly and hopelessly. There is no substitute for sleep. Not one of the imitations is even "nearly as good."

It was only when the brain itself came to be studied that the real meaning of sleep was found. The brain contains vast numbers of cells, each of which is related to some part of the body, just as an electric switch is related to some lamp or bell. The whole power and strength of the body depend on the brain cells.

Up till a short time ago we knew very little about these strange structures. We were able to look at them with a microscope, and we could stain them with various dyes so that they showed up quite clearly against the rest of the brain matter.

And then one doctor, more observant than his fellows, noticed a strange thing. Sometimes the brain cells did not stain so well or so darkly as at other times. The little, vital cells were pale and indistinct instead of being clear and dark.

A great many people began to try to find out what this mystery substance of the brain was. All kinds of strange experiments were carried out.

For example, if the brain of a hare which had been coursed was examined, the brain cells were empty of the mystery substance. The brain cells stained poorly and indistinctly.

The brains of men worn out in battle, or killed in condition of great strain, were also empty. And if a man had had no sleep for long periods, his supply of mystery substance was very low.

Gradually the knowledge came that during all efforts, both of mind and body, we use up this strange substance until at last our brain cells are empty of it. And then we can do no more. Unless we can get a new supply we perish.

It is sleep which brings the new supply. It is sleep which fills the brain cells afresh with their vital mystery substance. It is sleep which saves us from utter exhaustion, and even from death. By no other means can we make our brains fit to work again.

Going Around the World.

The records for traveling around the globe are:

Magellan expedition, 1519-1522, three years; Phineas Fogg, 1872, 90 days; Nellie Bly, 1889, 72 days; George Francis Train, 1890, 67 days; Charles Fitzmorris, 1901, 60 days; Henry Frederick, 1903, 54 days; Col. Burmley Campbell, 1907, 40 days; Andre [illegible] Schmidt, 1911, 30 days; John Henry Mears, 1913, 35 days.

Mr. Mears, the present record holder, says that he could not repeat his 1913 feat today, because the Trans-Siberian railroad is closed. That railway was the biggest factor in reducing the time for traveling around the globe. To make the journey by airplane, Mr. Mears says, would require only about twelve and a half days in actual flying time, but probably six months on account of delays "between hops."

Music Lures to Death.

Two years ago, Chatham, Ontario, had a plague of mosquitoes so bad that fires were burned in front of many house to drive the pests away with the smoke. A marvelous invention announced from San Francisco promises relief to many sufferers from this Canadian songster. Nathaniel Morgan of that town claims to have invented a mosquito machine which is an automatic vampire. The device consists of a motor which slides a bow back and forth across a violin string so keyed as to produce the female mosquito's mating note. A suction fan pulls in the investigating insect and deposits him on a piece of flypaper.

Has Double Viewpoint.

True repentance has a double aspect; it looks upon things past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.—South.

Weekly Calendar AUGUST 1923

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Morn	Water Eve
4 Sat	4 39	7 03	11 09	0 35	1 09
5 Sun	4 40	7 02	11 43	1 31	2 04
6 Mon	4 41	7 00	m'rn	2 28	2 58
7 Tues	4 42	6 59	0 22	3 24	3 51
8 Wed	4 43	6 58	1 05	4 18	4 40
9 Thurs	4 44	6 57	1 54	5 08	5 22
10 Fri	4 45	6 55	2 49	5 50	6 12

Last quarter, August 4, 2.22 evening.
New moon, August 12th, 6.14 morning.
First quarter, August 19th, 1.03 morning.
Full moon, August 26th, 5.39 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, July 27th, Elizabeth E., wife of Paul V. Gray and daughter of Marion M. and the late James McLeish.

In this city, July 23, William J. Hug, Chief Gunner's Mate, U. S. N.

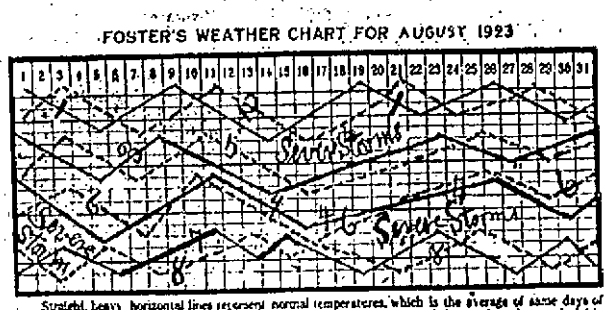
In this city, July 31st, Frank E. Thompson, in the 55th year of his age.

In this city, 24 inst., May R., daughter of Vito and Marie A. Radice.

In New Haven, Ct., July 31, Katherine, widow of Jeremiah M. Clifford.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR AUGUST 1923



Straight, heavy horizontal lines represent normal temperatures, which is the average of same days of the year for forty years. Crooked lines above normal lines mean warmer; below, cooler; that marked 1 is for section 1, north of latitude 47, between meridian 90 and Rockies crest—2 for section 2 on my section map is for east of meridian 90, north of latitude 47—3, between latitudes 39 and 47 and between meridian 90 and Rockies crest—4, east of meridian 90, between latitudes 33 and 47—5, south of latitude 39, between meridian 90 and Rockies crest—6, east of meridian 90, south of latitude 39—7, north of latitude 43½, west of Rockies crest—8 south of latitude 43½ to Mexican line and west of Rockies crest.

Washington August 4, 1923—Last Weeks's bulletin might mislead. have not changed the basis of my weather forecasts; only found the missing link between the causes of temperatures and rainfall. I have hunted for it 25 years, without success till recently. Now I have a complete system; it will be 25 per cent better than ever before and its value to agriculture will be doubled. For three years past I have devoted most efforts to precipitation; principally rain and snow, but it was necessary to find the immediate cause that organizes the disturbances, the storms, before I could complete the temperature and rainfall forecasts. I found it at last. Now we have a complete weather machine. All kinds of storms are double; a high and a low; their centers are 500 miles apart, more or less; they are born, live and die together; are twins; one a male, the other female; their products are in different forms of moisture; one of these twins is positive, the other negative. The positive is called the high in which the electric force comes down. He is the father of precipitation. That downward force picks up the moisture and carries it to the low which is the father of precipitation. That form of matter extends to every living thing in the universe, animal, vegetable, planetary. This high is the captain of the king of the weather forces, and he is organized by a certain combination of forces from sun, moon and earth; the other planets increase and decrease the storm forces.

Section 1: North of 47, between 90 and Rockies' crest; warm August 1 and 9, cool 5 and 14; average hot; severe storms and rains near 3 and 16.

Section 2: North of 47, east of 90; warm August 3 and 11, cool 7 and 16; average hot; severe storms and rains near 5 and 18.

Sec. 3: Between 39 and 47 and between 90 and Rockies' crest; warm near Aug. 1 and 8, cool near 5 and 14; average warmer than usual; severe storms and rains near 3 and 18.

Sec. 4: East of 90, between latitudes 39 and 47; warm near Aug. 1 and 11, cool near 5 and 16; average warmer than usual; severe storms and rains near 5 and 20.

Sec. 5: South of 39, west of 90; cool near Aug. 1 and 7 warm near 8 and 11; average hot; severe storms and rains near 4 and 17.

Sec. 6: South of 39, east of 90; cool near Aug. 2 and 9, warm near 5 and 13; average hot; severe storms and rains near 6 and 19.

Sec. 7: North of 43½, west of Rockies' crest; moderate temperatures near Aug. 1 and 6, warm near 3 and 11; average hot; severe storms and rains near 5 and 17.

Sec. 8: South of 43½ to Mexican line west of Rockies' crest; moderate temperatures near Aug. 3 and 8, warm near 5 and 13; average hot; severe storms and rains near 6 and 18.

Coming to North America; a great drouth that will ruin one-third of the winter grain crops of 1924; another great drouth that will ruin one-third of all crops of 1925; the best crop weather forecast of all of North America for the years 1924-5-6 ever made for any country. I am now preparing the positive proof of all these assertions. The forecasts will cover every weather detail in which you are interested, but there are some details I cannot publish in the newspapers. I will be pleased to meet any and all at the Foster re-union, Six Mile Run, Penn., Aug. 30.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Auto Turns Over

A Ford touring car travelling at a high rate of speed turned completely over and finally rested on its left side near the Island Cemetery last Wednesday at about 11.30 o'clock. Its occupants, comprising three young men and three girls, were unhurt with the exception of a few scratches and bruises.

Miss Irene Dunphy, one of the occupants, when questioned was very reticent about giving the particulars of the accident, but admitted that the thick fog was responsible for the trouble. The car was soon righted and save for a damaged top seemed none the worse for its sudden antics.

Josiah Peckham, Jr., has opened an automobile salesroom at Fountain Square and has secured the services of George Steadman as sales manager.

Mrs. Alenah Hesford returned to the Island last Monday after spending a few weeks with her daughter in Pascoag.

Airplane Station

According to Lieut. Alfred Ellis, U. S. N., (Air Service) a naval airplane station is soon to be instituted at the New Harbor. The contemplated quarters will be of sufficient size to care for fourteen planes. This station will be one of a chain extending from Nantucket to Montauk Point, according to the plans of the War Department.

According to plans of the K. of C. Service Board of New London, Conn., it is understood that the Knights of Columbus are negotiating for a piece of property near the New Harbor for the purpos of erecting permanent quarters. Secretary P. V. Gilhooley and Assistant Secretary Charles H. Fitzmaurice were investigating the proposed site last week.

Dr. R. C. Doherty wishes to state that his dental office located in the Gables, is permanent and that he will continue the practice of dentistry on Block Island throughout the entire year.

Keep Fit.

Good health is essential not merely to enjoyment of life but to making the most of life's opportunities. Good physical and mental condition is the prerequisite of straight thinking and logical conclusions. "Keeping fit" should first engage the attention of every one.

The Real Divorce Reason.

One of these solemn statistical researches into the divorce question has been completed back East, and the researchers have announced with proper impressiveness the result of their inquiry. They announce eight principal reasons for the prevailing instability of marriage. One reason is:

"Failure of contracting parties to regard properly the solemn bonds of matrimony."

The other seven reasons don't matter.

All divorce researches so far have been, in a sense, failures. That is, none of them has yet discovered that 95 per cent of all divorces result from refusal of the party of the second part to appreciate properly the humorous anecdotes told by the party of the first part.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Reason for Embarrassment.

I had always been accused of doing eccentric things, but I didn't realize the truth of it until one Sunday. I [illegible] without an umbrella. When the services were over it was pouring outside. Having on a perfectly respectable underskirt, I turned my suit skirt over my head. Half way across the street a little boy rushed up to me and shouted: "Teacher, you've got both your skirts over your head!"—Exchange.

Clever.

A clever new trick for airplanes is invented by an Englishman. It's a revolving platform, which moves rapidly back as the airplane starts ahead treadmill fashion, so the plane is going fast when it manages to get off the platform. This does away with the necessity of gliding over a long field before rising. Like the ball moving rapidly but staying on the umbrella twirled in the opposite direction by the Jap vaudeville actor.

It's quite possible that houses will have roofs like this later, in the day of flying flivvers.

Real Estate Values.

"My friend, the real estate man, is very downcast after seeing Babylon, Baalbec and Nineveh."

"Why so?"

"Says there's been a terrible decline in values."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Temperature Shuts Flowers.

Flowers open and close according to temperature and not because of the daylight, says a French scientist.

THE PLACE THAT CARRIES A VARIETY AND SUPPLIES MANY WANTS IS

JOHN ROSE & CO'S HARDWARE STORE

Here you can get paint that will satisfy both in appearance and durability. Ask for a churn, cream separator, pump, stove, fire extinguisher, wall paper, roofing, rope, dishes, crockery ware, hardware, cutlery, carpenters' tools, and many other things, and you find what you want.

John Rose & Co., Block Island, R. I.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For Week Ending July 28, 1923

Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Receipts have been a trifle lighter the last half of the week and prices have advanced slightly in sympathy with this shortage. A few lines, however, still are liberally supplied and moving rather slowly even at reduced prices. Apple prices dropped sharply until the close of the week when lighter offerings stiffened the market to a range of $2.75-3.00 per bushel for the best Williams Reds and $1.50 for Delaware Yellow Transparents. The cantaloupe market has climbed to unusually high levels for midsummer and a light supply combined with good demand brought prices of California and Arizona standard packs up to a range of $5.50-6.00 per crate. North Carolina cantaloupes of fair quality closed strong at $3.25-3.75 on standard packs of green meats. Maryland cucumbers have supplied the market during the past week and have sold mostly at $1.25-1.50 per bushel hamper. Peaches have been in fair supply but not too heavy and the market has a firm tone, much of the stock has been of poor color and has sold at a considerable discount compared to the high colored stock. Elbertas are now replacing the earlier white varieties and closed the week at $3.00-3.25 per six basket carrier. New Jersey tomatoes and peppers have been in liberal supply and of rather indifferent quality, the market has been weak and sales slow, closing prices were $1.00-1.50 per 20 qt. crate for tomatoes and $1.25-1.75 per bushel for green peppers. Potatoes after a long period of dullness and declining prices have advanced slightly under the stimulus of bullish shipping reports and a slightly improved local demand, closing prices of Virginia Cobblers were $5.00-5.50 per barrel.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Dressed Poultry market quiet with trading only fair. Demand mostly for fresh fowl. Frozen stock moving very slowly, especially chickens. Fresh: Fowl 6 lbs. 23-30c, 4-5 lbs. 27-31c, 3-3½ lbs. 23-26c; broilers 40-43c. Live Poultry rules about steady with demand only moderate. Receipts of fowl only fair with broilers liberal. Fowl 25-26c, broilers 33-36c. Butter market firmer with prices higher on all scores. Demand good for 90 score and better but supply is very short and some dealers are drawing on their short hold storage stocks. Medium and lower scores in liberal supply but are firmly held. Buyers showing considerable interest at the moment and are inclined to anticipate their requirements. Extras 41½c. Northern extras, assorted sizes spruce tubs 40½-42c. Eggs: Market steady to firm on the top grades which are in limited supply and in good demand. Medium and ordinary eggs steady, unsettled and moving slowly. Nearby henneryas are short and in good demand. Western extras 33-35c, extra firsts 31-32c, firsts 25-26c, seconds 23-24½c, nearby henneryas 40-45c with fancy browns up to 46c.

The first Farm Bureau agent appointed in Vermont from among former club members in Vermont is Miss M. Pearl Berry, who is in Brattleboro to take up the club work of the Windham County Farm Bureau, succeeding Miss Viola Cameron, resigned.

Charged with forgery of 19 checks, totaling $700, Catherine Donaldson, 23, was arraigned in municipal court, Portland, Me., on complaint of her employer, Harry L. Sivovlos. Probable cause was found against her, and she furnished $1000 bail for appearance in September. The girl is alleged to have altered entries in books of Sivovlos' store to cover the discrepancies.

Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, head of the United States army aviation corps of Washington, made a survey of the different landing places in York Harbor, Me. Gen. Mitchell said that the department will establish an airway between Boston and Bangor similar to the one that runs across the continent, and that he finds the different beaches of that section of Maine coast excellent landing places for the army airplanes.

The annual prize of $5 from the Brainerd S. Gale fund for good boys has been presented to Merrill S. Weatherhead, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold H. Weatherhead, of Guilford Centre, Vt. This is a perpetual fund, established in memory of a Guilford boy, the income to be paid annually in July to a good boy of the town under the age of 15 years. Former recipients of the gift are Clayton A. Weatherhead, Merrill S. Weatherhead and Hugh R. Evans.

The Maine department of agriculture has issued a notice to all shippers and carriers of produce that on and after July 30 no shipments of green corn will be received at any point within the state unless accompanied by a certificate from the United States department of agriculture, showing that the shipment has been inspected or that it has originated outside the area now quarantined on account of the European corn borer.

For every man, woman and child in Massachusetts there were 62 eggs in cold storage July 1, according to Herman C. Lythgoe, director of the food and drug division of the state board of health. Apparently the distributors expect a heavy demand for eggs during the coming winter, for last year at the same time only 54 had been set aside for each person, and in 1921 the per capita holdings only reached 48. In addition to the eggs, each person is represented by two pounds of butter, a pound and a half of poultry, two-thirds of a pound of beef, three and a half pounds of pork and one-fifth of a pound of lamb.

Miss Ruth Reed, editor of the Brattleboro, Vt., Dial, the high school publication, will receive a $100 scholarship to enter the University of Vermont next fall, according to the awards of the judges in the contest among the high school publications of the state for the scholarship offered by the university. Albert Barcomb, editor of the Hardwicktan, published by the students of Hardwick Academy, will receive a $75 scholarship to enter the university at the same time.

Defining the Sex.

Little Evelyn was in the grocery store with her baby brother Billy the other day. A man went by and spoke to Billy. The baby did not answer, whereupon the gentleman said to Evelyn, "She won't speak to me today." Evelyn promptly answered, "She ain't a her; he's [illegible]

MRS. A. B. COMSTOCK

Selected as One of the Twelve Greatest of American Women



Mrs. Anna Botsford Comstock, selected as one of the twelve greatest living American women, is professor of nature study in Cornell university.

BANDITS KILL MAN, ESCAPE WITH $70,125

Seven Men Shoot Up Train in Pennsylvania and Seize Payroll After Wounding Four.

Scranton, Pa. — Scranton police, aided by deputy sheriffs and city and borough police, are combing the hills for miles around in an effort to find the bandits who staged a hold-up in an interurban car a few miles south of the city, getting away with $70,125 coal company pay roll, killing one passenger and wounding three others. Three suspects have been arrested in Wilkes-Barre, while passengers are being hurried there to identify them. The hold-up was without precedent in the criminal annals of this locality.

Five of the bandits boarded the 9:19 o'clock limited car, which makes only one stop between this city and Wilkes-Barre. When the car passed the Moosic Station, about six miles out of the city, the bandits flourished their revolvers and commanded all the fifty passengers in the car to put up their hands.

According to passengers, the bandits opened fire as a command was given. Edward J. Murphy, of this city, a salesman, had a seat near the front of the car. He fell dead at the first fusillade with a bullet through his heart. The bandits next concentrated their fire on Arch Henshall, of this city, paymaster of the coal company, who was carrying a satchel containing the $70,125. He was wounded in the thigh. H. J. Durkin, of this city, motorman of the car, was shot in the back.

When the shooting started, passengers say, the car appeared to slow down. This, the motorman said, was occasioned by the fact that an automobile apparently was stalled on a crossing. As the car came to a stop one of the two men standing alongside of the machine climbed aboard the car and shot Durkin. By this time the bandits inside the car had cowed the passengers and wrested the satchel containing the money from Henshall.

A moment later all seven were in the machine speeding through Moosic in the direction of Pittston.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Angora Government has rushed new instructions to Ismet Pasha at Lausanne to refuse any kind of capitulations or priority rights to America in negotiating the Turco-American treaty.

BERLIN.—Members of Parliament remaining in Berlin met at the Reichstag to discuss choice of a successor to Chancellor Cuno.

LONDON.—Sir Charles Hawtrey, noted actor and theatrical manager, died here after a few days' illness in his sixty-fifth year. He visited the United States several time and met with great success.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The Angora Assembly is expected to pass a measure of general amnesty.

HOCKERVILLE, Okla.—Ervin Hocker, president of the Hockerville State Bank, was robbed of $5,500 by four bandits on a road one-half mile south of here.

MOSCOW.—Relief worker says Russian trade will revive with big crops in fall.

PARIS.—To remedy the wine shortage in France, Senator Billiet proposed to put the French troops in the Ruhr on a ration of only a pint of wine daily.

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Greatest crowds of President Harding's tour greet him at Vancouver.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — Senator-Elect Magnus Johnson of Minnesota discerns danger of revolution in the United States.

BOSTON.—Former President Woodrow Wilson, writing under the caption of "The Road Away From Revolution" for the August number of the Atlantic Monthly, sounds a note of warning that our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually.

To Tighten Eye-Glass Screws.

If you do not own a tiny screw-driver, when the screws holding the lenses in your eyeglasses become loose, try using the blade of an ordinary pocket-knife or the tip of a small pen in manner like a screw-driver to tighten them.

HARDING VISIONS ALASKA A STATE

But Believes Development Must Depend on Its People, Not on Government Aid.

WARNS OF EXPLOITATION

President Gets Enthusiastic Reception From Thousand on His Return to Pacific Coast—Reviews United States Battle Fleet.

Seattle, Wash.—Greeted cordially by tens of thousands of people who had waited patiently for nearly four hours for his delayed arrival on the transport Henderson, President Harding found much to please him in his Seattle reception. Seattle's greeting was his welcome home to continental United States after three weeks spent in going to and returning from Alaska and visiting ports and inland places of that vast territory.

The delay in the President's arrival here was due to several causes, among them a collision between the Henderson and the destroyer Zeilin during a heavy fog off Port Angeles, 38 nautical miles from Seattle. The Henderson was uninjured, the Zeilin was badly damaged and shipped much water, but managed to keep afloat.

The President's arrival at Seattle was preceded by a review of the United States fleet assembled in Elliott Bay, upon which Seattle fronts. The Henderson, with the President standing on the flying bridge, passed between lines of battleships, destroyers and other vessels of the navy, more than fifty in all. There was a continuous booming of saluting guns and the playing of bands as the Henderson steamed slowly along. Each ship was brilliant with a display of vari-colored bunting. Bluejackets manned the sides. It was a scene no less inspiring than picturesque.

More bluejackets and marines from the fleet, thousands of them, were lined up on the pier where the Henderson docked, and along the streets in the vicinity through which the Presidential party of motor cars passed. With other uniformed contingents the men of the fleet formed in the parade which preceded the automobiles containing the President, Mrs. Harding, Speaker Gillett, the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Work, Secretary Wallace, the Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Hoover and the others composing the official party.

Buildings along the route were decorated with flags and bright colored bunting. Large portraits of President Harding were displayed everywhere. Thousands of men, women and children, seemingly most of the large crowds along the President's processional progress, had small American flags which were waved as the Presidential car passed. There was cheering and handclapping along the way.

Before the Presidential procession arrived at the University of Washington Stadium, where he delivered his principal address, the President and Mrs. Harding received an enthusiastic welcome from many thousands of Seattle school children and members of the Mothers' and Teachers' Associations at Volunteer Park. Great bouquets of flowers were presented to Mrs. Harding by the children.

At Woodland Park there was another demonstration. Here there was a gathering of boys from all over the State of Washington, brought to Seattle by the Order of Elks. There were many thousands of them, but estimates of their number ranged as high as 50,000. Certainly there looked to be that many.

It was 4 o'clock when the President and Mrs. Harding, escorted by the Mayor and Mrs. Brown reached the university stadium, where another large crowd had assembled. His address there was devoted to Alaska. What he said was devoted to a comprehensive review of conditions in the Territory rather than to offering any concrete program for bringing prosperity to the territory. It was apparent to those who had known the President's attitude toward this vast northern area before he made his visit to it, that he had revised his first impressions as to what he believed was essential to its development.

DROP IN U. S. INCOME

Expects Loss of $50,000,000 in Income Taxes Alone.

Washington.—A net reduction in Government receipts of $151,894,397 during the next fiscal year was predicted by Herbert M. Lord, director of the budget, in his annual report to President Harding covering the operation of the Federal budget. The income for the year is estimated in the report at $3,496,595,086. A loss of $50,000,000 is expected in income and profits taxes.

MAIL CONVICTION IS AFFIRMED

Rumely and Lawyers, Sentenced to Prison, Will Appeal Again.

New York.—The United States Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed the conviction of Dr. Edward E. Rumely, former publisher of the New York Evening Mail, and S. Walter Kaufman and Norman R. Lindheim, attorneys, for defrauding the alien property custodian in a report on the Mail's ownership. The three were ordered to Atlanta prison to serve sentences of a year and a day each.

Nicholas Murphy of Lawrence, Mass. was thrown headlong through the windshield of an automobile and into the vestibule of a street car when the machine crashed head-on into the car, Fred Richardson, the motorman, escaped injury by jumping, but the front vestibule of the car was badly smashed.

DR. A. MEIKELJOHN

Resigned as President of the Amherst College



Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn resigned the presidency of Amherst college at the request of the trustees, who thought him too liberal.

FLOATS COMPANY TO SELL LIQUOR TO U. S.

British Baronet Plans to Put 5,000 Cases on Ship's First Trip.

London. — Lieut-Col. Sir Brodrick Cecil Hartwell, Bart., a retired British army officer, who is promising the British public 20 per cent profit every sixty days on capital invested in his company, organized to smuggle liquor to America, said he considered he was doing Americans an act of friendship.

"My liquor will heal the breach in Anglo-American friendship," he said laughingly when asked if he did not fear increasing American irritation over rum smuggling from Great Britain. "The captain of my ship is instructed to sell liquor twenty miles from shore to anybody who wants to buy, and to dry liners which desire to increase their stock.

"I am not worried about the British Government giving the United States the right to search ships twelve miles out, because my ship will stay eight miles further off shore. I am shipping 5,000 cases, but my ship has room for 5,000 cases more."

Colonel Hartwell said he was just starting the business and that his ship had yet to make her maiden voyage as a rum runner, but he declined to say where and when the vessel would sail. He is 47 years old and served in the South African and World wars.

George Wilson, political secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, the British prohibition organization, expressed great indignation over Sir Brodrick's plan, saying: "That's the limit," and said he intended to have the question raised in the House of Commons about the propriety of a British army officer being engaged in rum smuggling to America.

The Aquitania arrived at Southampton after one of the wettest voyages since the application of the American dry edict to foreign vessels. Supplies brought aboard at New York were responsible for private drinking parties every night.

One woman with her husband came aboard with a large hat box which contained thirty bottles of champagne.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Bituminous operators promise the Federal Coal Commission to set up an emergency organization and accept voluntary price control arrangement in event of anthracite strike.

Messages poured into the executive offices at the White House from all parts of the country, expressing sympathy of the nation for the illness of President Harding and hopes for recovery.

White House kept informed of President Harding's condition by frequent bulletin. All Washington prays for recovery.

Garrard Winston of Chicago slated for promotion to under secretary of treasury.

American Defense Society presents new evidence to prove Soviet government is still trying to foment worldwide revolution.

American observers abroad agreed United States should stay out of European affairs at present.

Illinois farmers borrow $56,000,000 from Federal Farm Loan System.

Senator Couzens willing to admit more alien laborers if employers will agree to provide employment.

The supply of genuine liquor in the Bahamas is running so low that the rum-running trade to the United States is dying a natural death, according to prohibition headquarters.

Rear Admiral Latimer has been entrusted with the Virgin Islands prohibition problem. The main industry of the islands is the manufacturing of rum.

Copies of all records and official documents relating to the Chester concession in Turkey have been filed with the State Department by the Ottoman - American Development Company, owners of the rights.

A smooth stretch of concrete pavement on the state highway between Hallowell and Gardiner, Me., will shortly be open to travel. Resumption of traffic on this section of the highway will form an important link in the trunk line between Portland and Bangor and will replace what was for a part of the distance a very bad stretch.

ANTI-FASCIST DAY HOAX IN BERLIN

Quiet Sunday Is Passed, Though Police Were Ready for Violent Outbreaks.

MARKS ARE STILL SCARCE

Crowds, However, Turn Their Attention to Recreation Which Requires No Funds—Essen Police Must Die.

Berlin. — Anti-Fascist day, with which the German Communists had threatened to overthrow the Cuno government and incidentally wipe out the bourgeoise, revealed itself as a Bolshevik hoax of the familiar type, notwithstanding the fact that it proved to be one of the chief elements of aggravation in the perturbed economic and political situation during the past week.

Although the occupation authorities were ready to put down any attempts at holding meetings, there were indications that no force of any kind was necessary. In fact, the day apparently was one of the most uneventful Sundays in many weeks, as far as indicated by reports, or, rather, lack of reports, reaching French headquarters.

As far as Duesseldorf was concerned, the people promenaded along Duesseldorf's Fifth avenue or had their swims in the Rhine as usual, apparently unconcerned with reparations affairs. This attitude prevailed despite the impossibility of obtaining marks from the mushroom banks which for the past few days have been keeping open night and day and on Sundays in order to cash every piece of available foreign currency for paper marks at tremendous profit. The business of these banks was greatly checked Saturday because of their inability to obtain marks.

Although the official quotation was 75,000 marks to the franc, these exchange peddlers were giving only 53,000 and then only in large lots. But the inhabitants apparently took the stand that no marks were required to promenade or to swim. At any rate, they did not become frantic because of any lack in marks. They seem fast to be adopting the adage, sufficient unto the day are the marks thereof, because apparently there is no use to buy more marks than are necessary today, as they may be almost worthless tomorrow. The people now are getting the habit of marketing daily for marks; as for potatoes, carrots and other vegetables.

German newspapers report that Major Zormack and Lieutenants Keller and Knuth, all former policemen in Essen, have been sentenced to death by a French court martial at Werden for espionage. The three men are said to have been found guilty of operating a dictograph near a French officer's villa on the outskirts of Essen.

French headquarters at Duesseldorf announced that M. Schreiber, a Swiss citizen and director of the Dortmund Verein, who was arrested a few days ago, has been provisionally released.

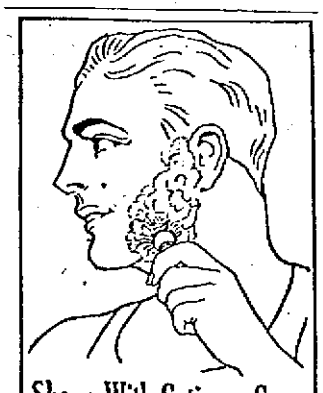
The Belgians are reported to have arrested 40 additional Germans near Duisburg. They will be forced to ride on trains as guarantees against sabotage.

Obviously with the intention of allaying the growing apprehension among Berliners over the scarcity and high prices of foodstuffs, the ministry of food issued a statement declaring that the apex of the crisis has not been reached, that the situation is improving daily and that within a few days the danger will be over.

Except for butter and potatoes, the ministry declares, there is no real lack of foodstuffs in Germany. It explains that the scarcity is due to the general economic position and the rapid fall of the mark, which has made it impossible to import goods from abroad to the same extent as formerly.

The nervousness which has marked the general situation the past few days may be accounted for chiefly in the catastrophic drop of the mark and the violent propaganda carried on by the Communists, both factors contributing elements of irritability to a situation which ordinarily would be susceptible to far less violent ructions.

Mayor Leonard, of Springfield, Mass. because of his stand against demonstrations or violence on the part of striking telephone operators, has received several letters threatening his life.



Shave With Cuticura Soap

The healthy up-to-date Cuticura way. Dip brush in hot water and rub on Cuticura Soap. Then make lather on face and rub in for a moment with fingers. Make a second lathering and shave. Anoint any irritation with Cuticura Ointment, then wash all off with Cuticura Soap. Nothing better for sensitive skins.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 21F, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

At the Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Savings Bank of Newport held July 20, 1923:

Wm. H. Hammett was elected President, Wm. A Sherman, Vice President and Wm. P. Carr, Clerk.

TRUSTEES

Wm. H. Hammett	T. T. Pitman	Wm. A. Sherman
Peter King	Wm. P. Sheffield, Jr.	Bradford Norman
Wm. P. Carr	Anthony Stewart	Henry C. Stevens, Jr.
Wm. W. Covell	Wm. P. Buffum	Edward A. Sherman
Grant P. Taylor		

Wm. P. Carr, Clerk.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Savings Bank of Newport held immediately after the meeting of the Corporation the following named officers were elected.

Grant P. Taylor, Treas. — Harry G. Wilks, Assistant Treas.
Abner L. Slocum, Clerk — G. Harry Draper, Clerk
Gertrude B. Hummell, Clerk — Anna R. Hummell, Clerk
Hazel S. Bailey, Clerk

Standing Committee:—Wm. H. Hammett, Wm. P. Carr, Wm. A. Sherman, Bradford Norman, Anthony Stewart

Auditing Committee:—Wm. P. Buffum, Wm. W. Covell

Wm. P. CARR, Secretary.

NEVER STOP TRYING

The successful person never stops trying---that is why he makes such steady progress.

Determine to save more money this year---open an account with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street — Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY — MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS.

All Orders Promptly Attended to — CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY — TELEPHONE CONNECTED — All Goods sent Post Paid Anywhere

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

News of General Interest From the Six States

James B. McCann, 55 years old, foreman in the soap manufacturing plant of Swift & Co., East Cambridge, Mass., was burned to death in a large vat of boiling soap mixture.

The work in blister rust control in Maine is at midsummer height, W. O. Frost, state leader, states. "The field work is progressing well and the pine owners are seeing the urgent necessity of protecting their pine lands from the blister rust. In June 247 private owners spent $1846.64 on eradication work in 20 towns, where $1313.03 of town money was expended in the hire of foremen. For this amount of money 13,774 acres was gone over, and 239,932 wild ribes (currant and gooseberry bushes) and 2168 cultivated ribes were eradicated.

Sumner Salter, who retires as organist at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., after a long service, has presented the Williamstown post of the American Legion with two historic flags, one of which was flown by the U. S. Frigate Essex during the naval activities about New Orleans in the civil war, and the other by the U. S. cruiser New York, Admiral Sampson's flagship during the battle of Santiago in the Spanish-American war. Both flags were presented to Mr. Salter by relatives who participated in the ships operations.

Vermont, not content with having in its lakes and streams the best fishing of any of the New England states and with deer and partridge for the hunters, proposes to add more attractions to the forest preserves in filling them with an abundance of pheasants and wild turkeys. The experiment in propagation of the English pheasants has been so successful, according to Maj. H. P. Sheldon, the state commissioner of fish and game, that pheasant shooting in 1925 will be permitted if this season's batch of the birds is as abundant as the last. The success so far has surpassed the hopes of the most optimistic sportsmen.

Announcement is made by the Rumford Press, Concord, N. H., that a contract had been made to print the Youth's Companion beginning around Nov. 1. The Youth's Companion is now published in Boston, and some of the machinery and other equipment will be necessary [illegible] to be used temporarily [illegible] by the Rumford Press [illegible] cents. A new building with 9000 feet of floor space is to be built and about 75 employees will be added to the present number to take care of the new work, with an increase of $1500 a week in the payroll. The circulation of the Youth's Companion will more than double the present volume of magazines being printed at the Rumford Press.

A free man again after 28 years confinement for a crime which the Governor and his council are now convinced he did not commit, Henry Lambert stepped out through the guard-room door of the Maine state prison to begin life anew. Lambert was convicted of the murder of J. Wesley Allen, his wife and 15-year-old daughter, Alice, at Shirley on May 12, 1901. Evidence of foul play found among the ruins of Allen's burned farm house led to the trial and subsequent conviction of Lambert after a sensational trial.

FORD, SIXTY, HAS DAY OFF

Celebrates Birthday by Keeping Away From Plant.

Detroit.—Henry Ford celebrated his sixtieth birthday by remaining away from his private workshop at his Dearborn automobile plant. It was understood that his plans called for dinner with the members of his family and that of his son, Edsel.

Mr. Ford successfully dodged interviewers who desired to question him concerning the business outlook and a variety of other subjects.

EMPLOYMENT CONDITIONS GOOD

Labor Shortages Exist In Several States, Including Pennsylvania.

Washington. — Employment conditions are described as generally good throughout the country in a report made public on a special survey by the employment service of the Department of Labor. Shortage of various kinds of labor are reported in several states, notably New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Rhode Island, while in others surpluses are reported.

The Spreading Epidemic

By ROSE E. BAKALAR

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In the dining room of a small-town, side-street flat, a middle-aged pair and their son were seated at an old-fashioned square table finishing their evening meal. The daily discussion was in progress.

The man raised a warning fork, shook it slowly, narrowed, or, at least, tried to narrow, his naturally contracted, washed-out blue eyes, and proclaimed in a steady voice:

"Remember! Once and for all! This is the last time! I warn you to stop! Not a breath of an auto around here, ever, hereafter. Forget it!

"I told you a thousand times you can't be too careful driving, and I won't be responsible. I won't allow it. I won't have my only son an accident chaser, a speed fiend, an auto crank, cheating for death!"

"Father! Don't be so violent. You'll break the dishes," cautioned Mrs. Cadell.

"Violent? I'm mild as a trained flea compared to what I ought to be. Can't that auto pest take 'no' for an answer? At twenty-one it's about time he had a little brains. Not another word do I want to hear uttered in this house about autos. Remember that!"

Mr. Cadell hoisted his bulky body and waddled from the table to his favorite armchair near the furnace grating.

The mother turned to Ned. "Why should you set your heart so much on a machine, dear, when there are so many other enjoyable things? Is it so necessary?"

"Yes, mother. I've got to have it. All my friends own them—why can't I? Father can afford a little runabout. Why's he so close?"

She patted his arm. "He's not close, dear. You know that. He buys you 'most everything else you wish. In this case he's only cautious."

Ned rose. "He's too cautious altogether. So is a dead man. Don't wait up for me, mother. I'm going to the Y. M. bazaar. Good-night." He slammed the door.

The head of the family scanned his favorite evening paper, looked up at mother cleaning the dishes, grunted, and remarked: "If that boy of yours—"

"He's your son as well as mine," sweetly reminded his wife.

"If that boy of yours," unheedingly continued the husband, "if he hasn't brains enough to earn any money for a car, where do you suppose he'll get the sense to drive one properly?"

"Isn't he working himself up?"

"Working himself up? Three years at ten dollars. Speed!" he snorted.

"Then why don't you pay him more?"

"More? He's getting too much already. The laziest . . . Spoiling my good help in the office. All he thinks about is cars and good times."

He slapped the right arm of the chair. "Enough wasting talk on him. Get my shoes and cup of tea, mother."

Breathing heavily, he again examined the printed columns.

"What he needs is a good old-fashioned spanking," he added.

Mrs. Cadell set a cup of fiery tea on the ample arm of the chair and resumed her ever-unfinished sox darning.

"Four hundred arrests made last month here for speeding! That doesn't include the fines, or drunken, one-arm, nervous and inexperienced driving. Innocent people, little children, animals, are murdered in cold blood because some one backed a car too soon, forgot to blow his horn, flew around a dangerous curve, skimmed past a crossroad, tried to beat the car ahead of him—all that and more, and these criminals are let loose!

"Slaughtering . . . harvesting human beings like wheat—speed maniacs—and your son wants to belong to that class! That rattle-brained ninny thinks he knows what isn't good for him."

"You're spilling your tea," calmly observed Mrs. Cadell, deftly knotting the black thread.

The comfortable man stopped talking for a while. He could not talk and sip hot tea at the same time. A friendly warmth spread and invaded and thawed every nook and corner of his inmost being. Much soothed, he spoke again, quieter: "Don't forget, mother, that when you sit behind a steering wheel you forfeit your life in the machinery's keeping. Suppose a brake refuses to work in an emergency, or the car stalls on a train track, or the steering wheel goes wrong on a narrow wooden bridge, or the whole she-bang skids down a slippery hill. . . . They're dangerous contraptions, they are . . . gas and noise and cold-blooded murder."

A delicious drowsiness stole in, through and over the middle-aged speaker. The paper slipped from his toil-worn hands upon the floor. Rapid, regular ticks of the mahogany clock on the shelf accented the peaceful silence. Soon a rhythmical drone attacked every twentieth tick of the clock. Mrs. Cadell was nodding. His snores continued.

At length she awoke with a start, lifted heavy eyelids and consulted the clock. "Past eleven! Father, I'm going to get the bed ready. Time to go to sleep."

He yawned generously, stretched, and shook himself like a bear.

Suddenly the door flew open and Ned danced in, planting two substantial kisses on his mother's bewildered face. The father's sleep-drawn little eyes tried to express surprise, but only succeeded in blinking.

"I've got it! I've got it!" he yelled, wildly waving a paper scrap under his shocked father's nose.

"He's lost the bit of sense he was born with."

"Auto, dad! Bazaar! Win! Won't Bazaar!"

"Calm down a bit, dear, then tell us what you are talking about."

The boy dropped into a chair and weakly fanned himself with his crushed hat. "I won that auto raffled at the Y. M. bazaar."

"When?"

"Now. Before. About two seconds, three licks and a quiver to eleven. Soon as I heard the good news I rushed home so fast you could almost play checkers on my coattails." He triumphantly surveyed his astonished parents.

"What—do—you—know — about—that!" murmured the senior, thoroughly overcome.

Which marks the period of a new era in the Cadell family.

One episode will suffice to reveal the change.

About six months later, at about the same hour as our story opened, at the same old-fashioned table, sit discoursing Ned and his mother.

"Father will be home soon, dear. Then you'll be able to take your machine out."

"My machine? Mine in name only, you mean. He lives in the machine, glued to the front seat—"

"Hello, folks," greeted Mr. Cadell. "The old boat is outside. Going to take her out after supper, son? You ought to see her go today. She's only a rattling can, but didn't she beat the gas out of Brown's Shifting Six! Didn't she whizz! The cop took my name—"

"That's the third time this week, dad."

"Not for speeding this time. I almost crushed Mrs. Blake's fresh kid. Those nuisances. They're always playing tag under the auto's nose. When you're going full speed they'll hop in front of a ball in the road, and if you try to avoid them, you turn into a post or jam some one's stray hens and pigs.

"I'm careful enough. It's their fault when accidents happen. They pop up at the most unexpected times and places. And the grown folks are just as bad. They'll dodge and hesitate in the middle of a road. Then they blame the driver."

"Your soup is getting cold," reminded Mrs. Cadell.

Mr. Cadell sat down and in an awed voice began, "But you ought to see little greased lightning take a curve."

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KEPT WORLD FROM DARKNESS

Vast Debt Owed to the Courageous Workers in the Early Monastic Communities.

You cannot come upon the ruins of the old great monasteries of England, beside their waters, in some lovely valley, now remote, without feeling that there is one of the choice spots of the earth, where the spirit dwelt. To me it is important to remember that when Rome collapsed, when the great Roman empire fell into smoking ruins, and bears roamed in the streets of Lyons, and wolves howled in the deserted streets of Rome, and Europe really was a dark ruin, then, it was not in castles or manors or cottages that life remained vivid. Then those whose souls still alive drew together and gradually built monasteries, and these monasteries and convents, little communities of quiet labor and courage, isolated, helpless, and yet never overcome in a world flooded with devastation, these alone kept the human spirit from disintegration, from going quite dark, in the Dark ages. These men made the church, which again made Europe, inspiring the martial faith of the Middle ages.—D. H. Lawrence, in the Dial, March, 1923.

"Po' LIT' Ram!"

A ram, famous in a Virginia village for its propensity to butt, was enraged one morning to discover Uncle Rastus asleep in the pasture. Uncle Rastus sat with his head bowed low and his bald spot shining in the sun. The ram eyed it from a distance. Uncle Rastus nodded and the bald top of his head bade defiance.

The ram stood up and waved a challenge with its horns. Uncle Rastus nodded in acceptance. With a sharp "Ba-a-a!" the ram charged and launched itself like a catapult at the offending pate.

A little later it picked itself up from the ground and wandered away to the farthest side of the pasture to ruminate over the collision. Uncle Rastus looked up drowsily.

"Po' lit' ram!" he murmured. "He done wandered from de fold an' foun' sorrow an' tribulation!"—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Greatest Bores.

In the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," an old man—apparently very weak and infirm—was encountered by Sinbad the Sailor during his fifth voyage. Under pretense of a desire to be carried across a brook, he fastened himself so firmly upon the back of his unfortunate victim that the sailor was unable to shake him off. After several ineffectual attempts to free himself from his burden, Sinbad managed to intoxicate the monster; and, after loosening the hold upon him, threw him upon the ground and crushed his head with a stone.

Sir Walter Scott speaks of the "Old Man of the Sea" as the greatest bore on record. The expression is sometimes used to denote any burden that cannot be shaken off.

Trouble Always to Be Found.

In the long run people are apt to get what they look for. Those who are seeking trouble naturally find it. A happy disposition is, therefore, to be cultivated.—Henry D. Chapin.

Is Silence a Crime?

Headline—"Woman Fined on Charge of Keeping Still." "And we men so often complain because they don't," comments J. C.

Two Hundred Years From Now.

A San Francisco scientist predicts the end of the earth two hundred years hence. San Francisco must be expecting another fire.

TRANSJORDANIA, NEW ARAB STATE

Amman, Its Capital, Once Philadelphia, Ancestor of All Modern Philadelphias.

Washington.—"Whether the newest Arab state to have its independence recognized be called by its Western title of Transjordania or by its Eastern name, Kerak, it seems hopelessly out of touch with things American," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society, in regard to the land immediately east of the River Jordan over which Emir Abdullah rules.

"Perhaps it will bring the newly independent but very old country closer," continues the bulletin, "to realize that its capital, now Amman, was once Philadelphia—the great-great-great-grandfather of the half-dozen or more Philadelphias, great and small, that are to be found in our postal guides.

Ancestor of Modern Philadelphias.

"But it was only a mere matter of twenty-odd centuries ago that the city took the name of Philadelphia from its new lord, Ptolemy Philadelphus. It had existed as Rabbath Ammon, chief city of the Ammonites, almost from the days of Lot, from whom the Ammonites are said to have sprung. It was after a victorious battle with these same people of Ammon that Jephthah, according to the Biblical story, returned to the fatal meeting with his daughter.

"When Transjordania is described as stretching from the Jordan and the Dead Sea toward the interior of Arabia, one is likely to call up the picture of a hopeless desert. But much of the region is steppe land, a high plain supporting some flocks and even capable of tillage. Nomadism has long held the region in its grip, however, and it is as a sort of 'chief of nomads' that Abdullah Ibn Hussein finds it necessary to rule. He holds his 'court' not in a palace but in a group of tents which he moves with the seasons.

Center of Culture.

"This land, now given over largely to nomads, is capable of development along stable lines, as is shown by its past importance. After Alexander's Eastern conquests the cities to the east of the Jordan became Hellenized and the seats of prosperity and culture. In the Second century before Christ, Ptolemy Philadelphus built in the city which was given his name an extensive necropolis which, in the Amman of today, is only a mass of fallen columns and ruined walls.

"Rome's sway over Philadelphia is shown in Amman by the ruins of a huge amphitheater which seated 7,000 spectators. In the sleepy Eastern town of today goats browse among the foundations of temples and public buildings, Arabian coffee shops lean against once-proud walls, and the Eastern species of the village lounger sits on overturned marble pillars. Emir Abdullah is showing some interest in the ancient structures of his capital, however, and is having the fairly well-preserved amphitheater cleared of debris.

"Amman is not inaccessible. Five hours by automobile over reasonably good roads through the sizzling valley of the Jordan suffice for the trip from Jerusalem to the capital. The Jordan forms the boundary line, and across it is an iron bridge. Amman is only about thirty miles from the river and, as the crow flies, is hardly more than sixty miles from Jerusalem. The Hedjaz railway, connecting Damascus and Medina, runs through the town."

Length of "Immortals'" Span of Life Measured

Paris.—The recent death, at the age of ninety-five, of De Freycinet, the French engineer and former premier, has raised the question, "How long do the 'Immortals' live?" De Freycinet was a member of the French Academy for thirty-three years.

The record for long life goes to the nephew of Corneille, Bertrand Fontenelle, scientist, philosopher, poet and dramatist. He was born in 1657 and died in 1757, lacking but one month of living a full hundred years. He was a member of the French Academy for sixty-six years, elected at the age of thirty-four, after being refused four times previously.

The honors for holding membership in the French Academy longer than anyone else go to Marshal Richelieu, grandnephew of the famous cardinal. He was elected in 1720, at the age of twenty-four, and died in 1788, at the age of ninety-two, thus being an Immortal for sixty-eight years.

Faithful Lover Carries Girl to Wedding Altar

San Francisco.—A broken back did not deter pretty nineteen-year-old Jean Strang from eloping.

Confined to a hospital for more than a year, Miss Strang was permitted to go for an automobile ride. Her faithful sweetheart, George C. Franklin, also nineteen, who since the automobile accident in which she was injured, has haunted her bedside, carried her to his machine. Two hours later they had not returned and Mrs. Rebecca Strang, becoming worried, asked the police to find them. The police failed, but the next day Mrs. Strang was notified that her daughter and Franklin had been married at Redwood City.

The bride, her back encased in a wooden brace, was carried to the altar by the bridegroom and a chum.

Production of Spinach Seed.

Over 313,000 pounds of spinach seed was raised commercially in 1922, according to reports reaching the United States Department of Agriculture. This is an increase of 1,100 per cent over the production of 1921, but is only about two-thirds of the five-year average production.

SLAYS GIANT GRIZZLY, NOTORIOUS CATTLE THIEF

Oklahoma Hunter Kills Bear That Ruled Range for Years.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—"Old One Toe," king of the grizzlies, killed yearlings on the cattle ranges of northwest Wyoming for twenty years. From now on, however, his stuffed pelt will stand lifelike in the natural history museum at the University of Oklahoma, at Norman, and silently assert his claim to the title, "biggest of all bears."

The greatest of them all, "Old One Toe," measures 8½ feet from nose-tip to tail-tip, and weighed between 1,200 and 1,300 pounds. The bear, which lost the other four toes on his right hind foot in a trap in 1902, fell before the automatic rifle of Arch A. Campbell, contractor, of this city, who spends his annual vacation hunting big game and catching rainbow trout in the vicinity of Dubois, Wyo.

His conquest of "Old One Toe" was unplanned up to the moment that Campbell stumbled on the tyrant of the cattle range, ravenously devouring the carcass of a calf. From the first encounter to the kill was twenty-four hours.

"Old One Toe," made wary by his setto with a steel trap and grown gray in the two decades he had outmaneuvered cattle men, was a foe worthy of any hunter. Campbell trailed him all day after the first shot, before he was able to come up with him for the final battle, which was of short duration.

Campbell's progress out of the woods was a triumphal march, as all the cattle men wanted to see the carcass of the bear which had caused them heavy losses.

When Is a Citizen Not a Citizen, His Puzzle



Two years ago Hidemitsu Toyota, Japanese commissary steward of the coast guard cutter Acushnet, as a chief petty officer, became an American citizen. He obtained his papers under an act of congress which granted citizenship to any alien who had served with the United States forces in the World war and had received an honorable discharge. A year ago he was advised that the naturalization court had probably made a mistake in granting citizenship to an Oriental, and that a petition was afoot for its revocation. Last month the Department of Justice ruled that it was not the intent of congress to admit Orientals and that a revocation order might be issued. Now through his counsel, Lawrence M. Lombard of Boston, Toyota hopes to fight issuance of the revocation order. Unusual interest centers in his predicament, for his is a test case which will decide the fate of other Japanese and Chinese.

Huge Barometer in Munich.

Munich.—A new barometer, larger than the ordinary city hall clock, has been installed in the tower of the German Museum at Munich. Where the 12 is on a clock face the barometer has a large figure 71. When the atmospheric pressure is normal the hand of the barometer is at 71. Fair weather is indicated by moving the hand to the right of 71 and bad weather by moving it to the left.

Burglars Using Anesthetics.

New York.—Burglars anesthetized three families in a row of Bronx apartment houses, ransacked the suites and escaped. They obtained less than $500 worth of loot.

This method of operation is said by returned travelers to be in vogue among European criminals.

Spurned Love Causes Boys to Turn Pirates

Ten boys, led by a youth fifteen years old, captured by the police of Chicago in a "pirate" cave along the lake front, admitted they had committed four recent robberies netting them nearly $10,000 in money and merchandise, part of which was recovered.

The leader of the band turned "pirate," he said, after his "best girl threw him down."

Others in the gang also admitted unfortunate "love affairs."

Exchange—Many persons have lived all their lives in New York without ever seeing a burglar, a confidence man or a taxi bandit.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

ABOUT "IN-LAWS"

One Reason Why Some Marriages Are Unhappy.

Frequently Only the Most Trivial Causes for Antagonism Between "Alfred" and "Her" Mother.

One reason why so many marriages turn out unhappily is because the average married man and the average mother-in-law are not in sympathy.

Some mothers-in-law and sons-in-law are in a state of continual antagonism. It seems peculiar that a man should fervently love Mrs. A's daughter and at the same time cordially dislike Mrs. A. Yet that is quite an ordinary position, declares a writer for London Answers.

Would it not be infinitely better if sons-in-law and mothers-in-law were on friendly terms? Obviously, yes. Why, then, is there this friction and antagonism?

Is it not because the average prospective son-in-law has been influenced by the many silly stories he has heard about mothers-in-law and their alleged awful ways, and his judgment warped by the scores of libelous jokes made at the expense of those much-maligned ladies?

Thus it is that he is prejudiced and very possibly before he has seen his sweetheart's mother, and certainly before he really knows her he adopts the traditional antagonistic attitude.

And she—well, her attitude is critical.

That is not to be condemned, and is no justification for the line he takes. She has every right, with her daughter's happiness in the balance, to look with critical eyes at the young man who can make or mar that happiness.

Another cause of friction is his air of proprietorship over Muriel. Just because he is her accepted suitor, and in due course will be her husband, he resents any attempt on the part of her mother to exercise any authority, be it ever so mild, over her.

He assumes possession, in short, before the law has given him any real right.

He takes Muriel out and brings her home late—at 11 instead of 10, or the like. Her mother protests, and Alfred—let us give him a name—is up in arms at once. He talks of hurrying the marriage on, so that his darling Muriel may be relieved from her mother's hard rule.

And just at this period Muriel is so much in love that she sides with Alfred. Later, when she is married, and realizes, possibly for the first time, all that her mother was to her, there is a big reaction.

She "won't have dear mother criticized"; she "won't hear a word against her." And mother "shall come and stay as long as she likes." So, a row, and the little rift within the lute.

And thus it is that Muriel's mother "doesn't think much of him."

The unfortunate result is that the antagonism becomes mutual, and Alfred, who had originally no reason whatever for adopting the anti-mother-in-law position, has now been presented with one. True, he made it himself, but—

All this should be changed. The Alfreds should take pains to get round their mothers-in-law. It would make courting easier, the wedding more pleasant, and the married life afterward infinitely happier. It can hardly be expected that Muriel should like his mother if he declines to like hers.

An Awful Singer.

The neighbor upstairs was a student in music, and practiced for a few hours daily. Hearing this daily became rather tiresome, and at times was irritating. One day, while my husband was home for the day, she started her practice, and, not feeling any too well that day, I happened to say to my husband that it was awful to have to listen to that noise each day. This remark was overheard by my five-year-old daughter.

A week or so later this same neighbor invited a group of women for a game of bridge, after which she played and sang for us. My daughter did not applaud, and she asked her if she didn't like it. "Oh, yes, I like it all right," she said, "but mother says your singing is awful!"—Exchange.

Stones in Growing Trees.

The destruction of a huge bandsaw in a lumber mill at Hoquiam, Wash., by a stone found ingrown in a tree trunk has revealed some curious reports of similar origin. Near Monroe a year ago a hemlock was felled and in the junction of the first limb with the trunk was imbedded a big piece of granite. At Snohomish there is a stick of timber with a stone grown into the hardwood heart. A hand-hewn beam in the forestry building at the state university contains a stone. These missives lodge in the tops of young trees in spring when avalanches of snow and earth hurl them from cliffs. In time the growing tree envelops them, is the explanation offered by foresters and lumbermen.

Ancient Walls of Tiberias.

Part of an ancient wall and columns belonging to the ancient city of Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, have been recently discovered. As soon as the ruins were discovered expert archeologists were summoned and the excavations will be carried out under scientific control. It was near this city that the Sermon on the Mount was preached and Mary Magdalene is believed to have come from a nearby town.

Agriculture in Manchuria.

The cultivated land in the two northern provinces of Manchuria yielded approximately 9,520,000 tons of cereals in the last two years, including 1,270,000 tons of wheat. Agricultural production has been increasing rapidly and constantly.

MARRIAGE EASY IN RUSSIA

And It Is Said Divorce Is Even Quicker of Attainment Than Is Wedlock.

The separation of church and state in Russia has exercised a strong influence on marriage, as well as on its corollary, divorce. It has been pointed out that marriage by the church has no legal value. To be married and divorced in a half hour is an actual legal possibility in soviet Russia, unless, of course, the queues in front of the respective registrar's tables happen to be too long. Or, if the couple are of a sentimental turn of mind, they may revert to wedlock in the specified time, if the officials are not too busy.

Ease of marriage and even greater ease of divorce is one of the Communist government's answers to three of the world's greatest social problems—matrimony, morality and illegitimate children.

The simple act of both persons appearing before a magistrate and signing a marriage contract constitutes the only marriage ceremony recognized by present law in Russia. There is not even the formality of the spoken vows. Both applicants, however, must present themselves.

Divorce is still easier, in that the desire of only one of the two parties affected is sufficient. Either husband or wife may obtain abrogation of their marriage by appearing at the registrar's office and indicating that continuance of conjugal relations is no longer craved. There is no trial, no appeal. The dissatisfied husband simply signs a paper, and walks out a free man. If there are children, however, he does not escape responsibility for support. This latter point, as well as several other correlated legal phases of the divorce question, are still a bit vague, owing to the fact that Russia has no written code of statutes. The only law that exists consists of a few decrees promulgated by the Kremlin and the common sense and conscience of the official. Stripping it of all the sentiment and religious background surrounding marriage in the legal system of the West, the Communist approaches the institution of wedlock as a purely civil procedure, just like any other contract between two persons. The church ceremony has no legal value in Russia, although most people still go through the gesture, as in France, where a similar situation prevails.—Edwin W. Hullinger in Current History.

Sneeze First.

Gen. Amos Fries, chief of the chemical warfare service of our army, suggests the introduction of a small quantity of a new "sneeze gas" into illuminating gas, with a view to preventing suicides. Assuredly the man contemplating self-destruction will find it extremely disconcerting to have to pause in the midst of the solemn process for so ridiculous a gesture as that of sternutation. Empedocles of Etna, or Sophocles with his draught of hemlock, or Cleopatra with her asp could not have departed this life with dignity in the middle of a sneeze. If one stops long enough for that, there is a chance of a sober second thought.

About one suicide in seven in this country is with gas. The fact shows the importance of even so slight an obstacle of a sneeze. A fraction of a second may be enough to upset a foolish determination. If he who hesitates is lost, he also may be saved, when the pause means an instantaneous review of the causes leading up to the precipitate deed. It does not take long in such instances to decide that one is in error, and to recant.

Parisians Going In for Sport.

Paris is becoming more Anglo-Saxon in character. It is having built around it veritable country houses. The latest development is the opening of an 18-hole golf course, together with tennis grounds, at Aubergenville on the Seine near the forest of Saint-Germain, and the hotel which is connected with the club resembles a country house in every respect. More and more Parisians are developing the week-end habit and are going in for sport. It is a complete transformation.

French Wheat Production.

From an investigation made by the French minister of agriculture it is estimated that the wheat production in France in 1922 was over 6,600,000 metric tons. The decree requiring the incorporation of a certain percentage of wheat substitute in the milling of flour is to be strictly enforced in order to avoid the necessity of importing wheat into France.

The Mind's the Standard.

An art low in itself may be made noble by the human strength and being which a great man will pour into it; and an art, great in itself, made mean by the meanness of the mind occupied in it.—Ruskin.

Is Biblical Text.

On the famous Liberty bell, in Independence hall, Philadelphia, is the inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." This is taken from Leviticus 25:10.

Counterfeit Trouble.

A lot of us lay up money for a rainy day and then allow ourselves to be fooled by the first sprinkling cart that turns the corner.—The Portland Pacific Legion.

Shelter for Building Workman.

The Japanese begin building their houses at the top. The roof is first built and elevated on a skeleton frame. Then it affords shelter to the workmen from storms.

Mailing Coins.

To send a small coin through the mail, use a narrow strip of adhesive plaster to fasten it to the paper. It will arrive at its destination safely.—Designer Magazine.

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JUST TALKED OF SQUIRRELS

Listener Discovered That "Big" Men Are Not Always Discussing "Big" Business.

Two pilgrims were following the road to Mecca. At the treasury steps they met up with a squirrel that reminded the one who looked as if he owned a railroad to say to the other:

"I was showing my kid around the White House yesterday, and as there are no squirrels in the streets at home, it sort of frightened the boy when one of these little rascals tagged us. I told him that all it wanted was peanuts and that when it found we had none it would go away—whereupon the little chap had a bright idea.

"Well, daddy, you could give him a nickel, couldn't you?"

The two chuckled with the ease that comes of good nature united to health, and the other man—who looked as if he owned two railroads and a good mine—started in on a story of his own:

"I wouldn't be afraid to bet squirrels could learn to spend nickels, at that. One time we were having a rumpus in the senate, with old Blunk giving our side oratorical blood and thunder, and, sir, just as we were about to be flayed alive, along hops a squirrel up the aisle, jumps on Blunk's arm extended in denunciation—sits on its haunches and begins to beg. It seems he had a pull on the old man, who always carried nuts in his pocket—and it saved the day for us."

And by that time the story was through with, and the two pilgrims had reached the Garden of Allah—with a listener behind.—Washington Star.

HAD NO FURTHER USE FOR IT

Little Sonny at Party Returned Empty Plate to His Rather Surprised Hostess.

Children are among the most beautiful springtime decorations of the national capital.

The freshness of these human flowers is something that never grows old. They are among the decorations that are with us always.

With this prelude here is another anecdote of Sonny.

When he was about two years old, just walking nicely and talking a bit, he was invited to a party given by a young lady of about the same age. His mother took him and left him there, then went away to return for him later.

After the children had played, the "eats" were served. Even the smallest ones were given a little ice cream. Sonny enjoyed his thoroughly.

Then he turned to his hostess.

"Here!" he said, handing her his plate, getting down from the table and making his departure.—Washington Star.

Getting a Spring Bonnet.

On a gusty day recently when the breezes were making playthings of one's headgear, a young woman was observed chasing her hat in Washington street, near Meridian street. It was a new spring bonnet, resplendent with gay flowers.

The wind was strong, and the young woman was not able to keep up. A gust tossed the hat in the air, and a hundred feet away. Two women, seeing the woman's plight, started also in chase of the hat. Suddenly, from the crowd, a fourth woman leaped out and grabbed the hat. Without looking she made for the nearest doorway, holding the hat closely to her side. The other women started toward her, and she began to run. She gained the doorway, and was lost in the aisles of a department store.—Indianapolis News.

Children Like "Play Cars."

"Play as You Enter" is the welcome sign on the sides of the "Jollytown" trolley cars in Baltimore, near one of the city parks,—where the traction company has set aside several cars for the children to play in. The cars are complete in every detail except that the power is turned off and they are anchored to the ground. Instead of the usual advertising cards, Mother Goose rhymes and animal pictures are displayed along the sides. The constant din of register bells, clanging gongs, starting and stopping signals, and the loud calling of imaginary and unheard-of street names afford a noisy proof to the amused passers-by of the extreme popularity of the "play cars" as the crews take them along fancied routes.

Pays Honors to Pasteur.

Admirers and disciples of Pasteur in France are commemorating his memory by scholarships as well as by centennial celebrations, according to information reaching Washington. The Association for the Extension of Pasteur Studies in Paris has established such scholarships for young scientists amounting to 300,000 francs and is now issuing a special Pasteur medal as a means of raising additional funds for the purpose.

Spread of Wheat Rust by Barberry

Scientists Have Shown That Epidemics Disappear With Killing of Bushes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Farmers proved that the common barberry spreads black stem rust to nearby wheat fields. Scientists showed why and how. Both have shown that rust epidemics disappeared when the bushes were destroyed," said Dr. E. C. Stakman of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is related that as early as 1720 a farmer in England became so angry at seeing a large barberry bush on a neighbor's farm, but near his own wheat, that he poured boiling water around the roots of the plant at night until he had killed it.

Bushes Source of Trouble.

A number of writers observed during the time from about 1750 to 1805 that wherever barberry bushes were found near wheat fields there also was found infected grain. Although it was not known just how rust could come from the barberry, it was natural that many farmers who had noted the damage to their own fields should be convinced that the bushes were the source of the trouble and should be removed. Differences of opinion between farmers and owners of barberry bushes became so sharp as to cause a so-called barberry war, which raged from about 1805 until 1855. Farmers whose grain had been destroyed by black stem rust often destroyed the guilty barberry bushes without even asking the owner's permission.

De Bary Solved Problem.

"Scientists," says Doctor Stakman, "finally tried to find out whether the farmers were right. They were." The matter finally was cleared up in 1865 by De Bary, a German scientist, who made careful experiments and found that the life history of the black stem-rust parasite is as follows: The black stage of the rust lives through the winter. It cannot infect grains or grasses. The spores (seeds), however, do infect the common barberry, on which they produce the cluster-cup stage of the rust. The cluster-cup spores are then blown by the wind and infect grains and grasses, on which they produce the red or summer stage of the rust. This stage continues to propagate and spread until late summer or fall, when the black stage again is produced.

Hundreds of scientists have shown that De Bary was right. No one any longer questions the fact. The barberry stands convicted.

Culture of Clover for Profitable Crop of Seed

If you have a heavy growth of clover and wish to get a crop of seed, cut the clover as soon as the heads turn brown; cure in the windrow and, as soon as the hay rattles in the handling, haul under cover; spread one peck of coarse salt over each two-horse load as put in the haymow. If salt cannot be had put a layer of straw or old hay between each load. The hay will take up the moisture in the clover and prevent heating in the mow. The side delivery hay rake is superior to the ordinary hay rake, as it leaves the hay loose so the hot air can cure as well as the sunshine. This rake will take the place of the tedder, as the fine leaves and stems are not broken in the handling and lost.

Flies Will Reduce Milk Flow of Cows Materially

The dairyman finds the fly an expensive inhabitant of his premises. Flies reduce the milk flow materially by [illegible] how to protect the cows through the use of repellant mixtures. The extension division of the college suggests this mixture: Take twelve ounces of crude carbolic acid, twelve ounces of turpentine, twelve ounces of oil of tar, and three-fourths of an ounce of tannin. To these should be added enough kerosene to make five gallons of the mixture. Use this material in an atomizer and spray the cattle in the stable night and morning.

Sudan Grass Excellent Emergency Pasture Crop

If a farmer is going to run short of hay or pasture, he may well consider putting out a piece of Sudan grass as an emergency crop. Two cuttings of hay may be made in one season, giving a total yield of two to four tons per acre. Although it is relished by stock if cut early enough, it has no higher feeding value than ordinary grass hay. The feeding value of Sudan grass hay may be greatly increased by growing soy beans or cowpeas with it. For some farmers Sudan grass would be of even more value as pasture or as a soiling crop than for hay.

Feather Eating Habit Is Sometimes Hard to Cure

The reason that fowls eat feathers is the fact that they are seeking after certain classes of foods which they need but are not getting, says Harry Embleton, head of the poultry department of the A. and M. college. This class of food is represented by any form of milk, tankage, meat scraps, or alfalfa pasturage. If one or more of the above feeds are furnished them in sufficient quantities they will get over this habit.

It is sometimes hard to correct the trouble once it becomes a habit. Persistent cases often have to be killed.

Bawl-Bearing.

Western Ad.—Mother of noiseless child of six desires employment as cook.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Asia Thickly Populated.

It is estimated that more than half the people in the world live in Asia.

Alfalfa One of Our Best Forage Crops

Succeeds in Various Soils; Withstands All Rigors.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Alfalfa is one of the leading forage crops in this country, says the United States Department of Agriculture. It is also widely distributed throughout the world, growing in various soils and meeting the rigors of both heat and cold. It requires considerable moisture, but it does best in a relatively dry atmosphere where water is available for irrigation. In the United States it succeeds at altitudes ranging from below sea level in the Imperial valley, Cal., to 8,000 feet above the sea in the mountains of Colorado.

Alfalfa withstands hot weather well where the atmosphere is dry; most of the damage is done by very cold weather in winter and spring. It is not known to what extent cold alone does damage to the crop, but it is known that low temperatures combined with other winter conditions cause a high mortality among the plants. Alternate freezing and thawing on poorly drained soils often does much damage by heaving the plants out of the ground and breaking the roots.

Deep loams with open subsoils are best, but where other conditions are favorable the crop has a very wide range of adaptation. It does not thrive on a soil that has an impervious subsoil, hardpan, or bedrock near the surface. However, it has been known to do well on soils with limestone ledges 18 inches below the surface. Good surface and underdrainage are necessary. During the growing season complete submergence for 24 to 48 hours may do much injury, but when the plants are dormant they may remain under water several days without danger. The crop seldom succeeds where the water table comes close to the surface, especially if it fluctuates considerably.

Discuss Insect Pests of United States and Canada

As a result of an international conference on insects of importance both to the northwestern states and the prairie provinces of Canada, which was held at Winnipeg, Manitoba, recently, plans were perfected for conducting experimental work in the control of these insects. The experiments are to be carried on in such a way as to render the results comparable in all the districts involved. A base map of all the international territory affected has been prepared for the purpose of plotting the occurrence of the principal insect pests of common importance to Canada and the United States.

The principal pests discussed were grasshoppers, the western wheat-stem sawfly, the pale western cutworm, and the Hessian fly in Canada. The bureau of entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture was represented, and other American entomologists were present. The meeting was addressed by Deputy Minister of Agriculture Davis, of Manitoba, and also by the acting president of the agricultural college.

Chickens and Eggs Sold Make Family Comfortable

Comfort and financial security were attained last year by a Colorado woman, through her poultry keeping, although the main crop was almost a failure. The wheat crop was only 90 bushels and the barley 80, besides a small amount of corn to be fed to the live stock. A report received by the United States Department of Agriculture states that after culling her flock [illegible] culling the culls [illegible] this woman bought [illegible] poultry house 45 as to [illegible] for the pullets retained. The [illegible] chickens sold brought $597.20, which was sufficient to pay the annual taxes, to pay the interest on money borrowed for the farm, build the poultry house, add a new room to their tar-paper house, and finish the inside of two rooms. This enabled the family to have a cozy, warm, three-room house, which was much more comfortable than the one room and lean-to kitchen they had had before.

Taming of Guineas Must Be Started Right Away

Guineas can be tamed if their training begins immediately after hatching. If you want them tame it is best to hatch them under common hens and keep them confined while small, teaching them to roost in the henhouses. In this way they will be quite tame, though they will probably never care to be handled. Some like to have them wild. In that case they may be hatched by the guinea hens, though on a farm, if there are enemies about and they are allowed to roam, they may be killed.

Guineas are noisy, but they have a place on the farm. Demand for them is growing in Eastern markets. They are most excellent eating, some finding them similar to prairie chickens. They are fair layers. The eggs are richer than hens' eggs and are said to keep longer.

High Value of Feeding Eggs to Little Chicks

Poultrymen occasionally doubt the value of feeding eggs to baby chicks. Experiments conducted at the University of Wisconsin show that the addition of a small amount of eggs to the ration for baby chicks will give surprisingly good results.

The Ananias Club.

"No, Harold," said the flapper to her sheik, who had called up, "I can't go out with you tonight. Mother looked so tired I promised to wash up the supper dishes and then do the family mending for her tonight."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Great Liberty Is Allowed in Dress

Fashion Permits Women to Wear What Pleases Them Best.

Never has there been a season when greater liberty is allowed in dress, observes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Tribune. It is absolutely the moment when a woman may wear what pleases her best. Practically nothing is de-mode through the spring openings, because while the dressmakers have sounded the full gamut of variation they have not launched a distinctly new note. To say what is the fashion, therefore, is impossible, because practically everything is the fashion.

One speaks of prints as the new note, but they are not really new. It is their emphasis, perhaps, which is new, because there is a host of them. Lace is not new, but there are many lace dresses. Wide skirts are no novelty, but these crinoline effects are shown by everybody. Berthas came in as a novelty last season, but they again adorn many frocks. Bead embroideries continue to claim a fair proportion of attention. Silk and metal embroideries are more than ever in vogue, despite the fact that throughout the winter season just passed they have been seen on every kind of garment.

One of Drecoll's most beautiful dresses is made of lace combined with black satin. It well deserves its name, "Festival," despite its somber tone. It is all in black except the beautiful embroidered motif forming the peplum across the front and lifting the drapery in a high stomach effect, emphasized in so many of the recent models. The lace forms a long cape back in an unusually charming way.

Lanvin and lace are easily associated because of the fact that this maker has had so much to do with the vogue for wide-skirted dresses. Lace lends itself very well to this idea. Distinctly interesting are Lanvin's dinner dresses in black, white and silver lace in which the overskirt of lace is draped on a straight chemise foundation, but the lace overskirt is so mounted with its tiddely corded slitrings, with its uneven hem and huge butterfly bow in brilliant contrast that it gives a dashing note. So much for cleverness which takes the most classic idea and by a clever twist changes it into a high novelty.

Polonaise and Bustle Effects.

Philippe & Gaston make rather dressy things in lace, often combining beige and brown. This house also affects the cape back on many of its models, the result being dignified dresses for matrons of conservative taste.

Prints are everywhere, especially those in Cambodge designs; that is to say, Hindo-Chinese. Drecoll has a lovely model to which he gives the name Cambodge. This is developed in an Oriental printed crepe marocain combined with navy blue reps, a material which the French like very much. This is a charming little polonaise effect made of the printed silk over a



Frock of White Satin Embroidered in Crystal Beads, Jet and Silver Threads, With Huge Bow of Black Satin at the Back.

skirt of navy blue, the printed drapery being hiked up in the back in the form of a cascading bow.

Almost every little blue serge three-piece suit has its top of some printed material. Agnes has made a most attractive model by choosing her foulard so discreetly, using more frequently than anything else green and white and navy prints in connection with blue serge.

Jenny shows some interesting cloth dresses, a most successful model being one of black reps which has a snake-like ornament encircling the body, the snake being made of a black and gold braid startlingly natural. This dress has a charming swing to it, but if one does not like the snake Jenny replaces this ornamentation with a most fascinating rainbow colored soutache, almost as fine as a silk thread, and to be had in every imaginable color, cleverly assembled to make most satisfying combinations.

Jenny uses quantities of mousseline and a great deal of piece lace in her afternoon dresses, and some of them have very original lines; for instance, a black lace called Ariane has a straight fourreau covered with lace upon which lace panels flow from the belt; these are about nine inches wide and have a beaded edge. Similar panels which alternate with these hang from the shoulders, flouting above the



Very Popular Model of the Season. It Is Constructed of Crepe de Chine, Cascading Drapery Being a Strong Feature.

belt. There are also a number of lace berthas which are quite long enough to form boleros.

Double Waistline Achieved.

The dresses, in spite of their floating panels, are very straight in effect, as the underlining is tight and quite short. Such dresses have very original belts that are narrow and in two divisions, one just below the waist and one falling at the hips. In one case there is a serpent of beads which is wrapped three or four times around the body, quite loosely above the waist and tighter about the hips.

This maker keeps to her tradition of fluffy evening dresses, using much lace and mousseline de soie; many of the lace skirts are very full on the hips, and, unlike most of the full hip-skirts, are extremely short, reaching almost to the knees. The silhouette is quite pretty because the waist is rather short. There may be some sort of trimming, such as bands of embroidery or of flowers, a quarter of a yard deep, on the hips, which causes the fullness to stand out without its being padded in any way.

Organdie dresses are also made in this way, with two plaits, causing the hips to stand out. Most skirts of this sort are split open up to the waist in front and float aside, showing a very close little under-slip, which is of a plain taffeta or crepe embroidered with a delicate design. This is a very successful solution of the full skirt idea, and as the waist above is not too closely fitted, the impression is of an up-to-date dress rather than of a picture idea. One of the best dresses is called Phoebus and is of gold piece lace of a very light quality. The hips of this are very full, but not in any way set out. The skirt is split and the gold lace floats. There is a pink lining.

Poiret is showing braid-trimmed dresses. He uses extremely narrow braids in brilliant colors on crepe de chine and crepe marocain. He adds little tassels in silk of brilliant colors. He is affecting the one-side closing of [illegible] which does [illegible] (one Vionnet's successful and novel front closing.

Short Jacketed Suits In Lead.

The short jacketed suits take precedence over other styles from a standpoint of numbers as well as variation. Particularly does the short jacket stand out among the models by so-called fashion leaders such as Chanel, Jenny, Drecoll, Poiret, Beer and Agnes. Some of the models are so simple as to make one wonder why they are put out as models, but then one must admit their charm, and that probably is the answer. Worth shows many little all-over embroidered jackets to be worn with simple cloth skirts. Patou has beaded jackets with wool rep skirts.

Beer shows a beautiful green rep suit in a short jacket in which the collar, cuffs and girdle are covered with a bead embroidery picked out in green and black. The straight little jacket has interesting tucked fullness in both the body and sleeves and there are plaited side panels in the skirt.

Lanvin affects large bows, and an impressive note for an evening costume is often given through the placing of a smashing bow in marked contrast to the dress. Lanvin has designed a lovely evening dress in white satin with a sprinkling, star-like design, almost a constellation, done in silver embroidery, crystal beads and jets. At the back is a huge bow in black satin.

Lumber Production Decreasing.

Lumber production has been gradually decreasing in the United States, reports the Department of Agriculture. A survey recently made of 37 eastern and southern lumber-producing states showed that in one there was a slight increase made in 1920. On the other hand, states on the Pacific coast report substantial increases, showing that the center of production is shifting to the western states, the last of our softwood reserves.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

LOOK FOR HOARD OF BANDIT

Exploring Party Believes It Is on the Right Path to Robber's Treasure House.

Psychic messages from St. Nicholas are said by an archeologist in charge of excavations in the Balkans to have led to the discovery of the subterranean stronghold of Ali Pasha, a famous bandit who terrorized the Balkans a century ago.

According to the London Express the skeletons of 25 men were found, believed to have been killed because they discovered the secrets of Ali Pasha's treasure house and its labyrinthine passages. The principal one is about 1,100 yards long, intersected by tunnels leading into darkness, or returning by devious routes to their main corridor.

Ali Pasha's father was murdered by neighboring chieftains, and his mother urged him to take revenge. His fierceness and indomitable courage brought terror to the Balkans. In avenging the death of his father he grew rich on the spoils of war.

Ali Pasha assisted the Turks in their war with Russia in 1787, and was laden with honors. He became the ruling power in Albania, and helped Napoleon, with the ambition of establishing his kingdom as a sea-power. Being disappointed, he next fought against Napoleon, and negotiated peace with Great Britain in the name of the Ottoman government. On emerging from the grand vizier's tent he was treacherously murdered.

The exploring party hopes soon to reach the crypt where the treasures are believed to lie. These riches are said to embrace money, jewels, tapestries and a collection of golden Byzantium chalices, stolen from churches.

TREAT FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

"Man on Horseback" Proved That He Could Unbend—Truly a "Very Lovely Sunday."

The man on horseback has stood through many centuries as the type of the haughty, superior person. He rides while others plod. He looks down upon the rest of us. And riders in the park are very superior persons indeed. Yet one who easily bestrode a handsome chestnut horse was seen the other Sunday afternoon to stop beside the railing near the Sixty-sixth street gate, westward, where stood a woman with many children.

He reined in, borrowed an urchin and set it on the pommel of his saddle. Very gently he trotted off, very lightly he turned and very softly he cantered back, never getting beyond the brave but anxious mother's sight. Then he borrowed another urchin and did it again. And then another. And each time, as he handed the proud child back, he slipped something into its hand.

A man who walks in the park regularly says he has never in many years of walking there seen the like happen before. It was a very lovely Sunday.—New York Times.

Europe's Surplus Spinsters.

The German statistics office has made the announcement that there are on the continent of Europe 25,000,000 women, the majority of them young and marriageable, who must either embrace polygamy or go unmarried, as there are not sufficient men to furnish them with husbands.

In 1913 Europe had a recorded population of 460,000,000 people, and a surplus of 6,500,000 women. The present population is estimated at 475,000,000, with a surplus of 25,000,000 women. To each batch of a thousand men there are 1,111 women.

Russia has the largest number of women, 1,229 to 1,000 men; Germany stands second with 1,100, Austria third with 1,069. Holland is the most favored in this regard, for in that country the surplus has decreased from 1,022 to 1,010 women to 1,000 men.

Immense Area of Yellowstone.

Yellowstone, in northwestern Wyoming, is the largest of the national park system, having an area of 3,348 square miles. It has more geysers than all the rest of the world combined. Furthermore, it has boiling springs, mud volcanoes, petrified forests and large deep lakes and waterfalls, one of which, the Great Falls of the Yellowstone, is nearly twice as high as Niagara. Its Grand canyon, remarkable for its gorgeous coloring, is incomparable, and except for small parts of the African jungle is the most thickly populated wild animal region in the world, including deer, elk, bison, moose, antelope, bear and mountain sheep, with endless varieties of wild birds.

Wrong Oil in the Salad.

We were having the bishop of the diocese to dinner one evening and I had included a salad in our menu.

My little daughter leaned over and whispered, "Mother, what's the matter with the oil on the salad? It tastes so queer?" What was my horror, on investigating, to find that the drug store had sent us castor oil instead of the olive oil we always bought for its purity. I have often wondered what the bishop thought.—Chicago Tribune.

Impressive Figures.

In the city of New York today there are 33,000 manufacturing establishments, with $3,040,000,000 of capital, employing in round numbers 640,000 wage earners, who receive $800,000,000 annually for their services in turning out products having an aggregate value of between $5,000,000,000 and $6,000,000,000.

Human Frailty.

"The world is full of tightwads," says the Suburban Sage. "Some people are never happy unless they get their happiness for nothing."

Stray Bits of Wisdom.

If things are not coming your way, it is a mighty good plan to change your way.—Anonymous.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, August 2, 1873

Can Newport afford to introduce water? That is the question that is agitating the people just now. In a few days the taxpayers will be called upon to decide the question. Careful examination of the sources of supply have been made. From this examination it appears we have sources amply sufficient, from which, if we will, we may have abundant supply of pure and wholesome water.

Yesterday morning a large party of people were at the Beach as usual. Among the number were Robert T. Sisson and wife of this city, Rev Herman K. Hopps of Newton Theological Seminary, with his intended wife. The two men ventured out further than safe, when Mr. Hopps was taken with cramps and immediately sank. He seized Mr. Sisson with such force that both sank. Mr. Sisson was finally rescued, more dead than alive, but Mr. Hopps was washed out to sea and his body never recovered.

The Mount Horeb Commandery, Knights Templars, of Concord, N. H., will make an excursion to Newport early in September and be entertained by Washington Commandery.

The stable of Rev. John T. Huntington, on Indian avenue was burned Friday evening. The cause of the fire is unknown.

The first meeting of the Jamestown and Newport Steam Ferry Co., held under the new charter, took place in Jamestown last Monday. George C. Carr was chosen president and John Eldred treasurer.

This has been the hottest week of the season the thermometer ranging from 70 to 94 degrees. The nights, however, have been comfortable, owing to the cool sea breeze that has ususally made its appearance before dark.

The German teachers of the United States are holding a convention in St Louis, and considering the question of making instruction in German compulsory in our public schools. (This was fifty years ago. That question would not be long considered today.)

A passenger on a Western railroad, aroused from a slumber by the tooting of a whistle, exclaimed, petulantly, "There, the train has caught up with those cattle again."

The headquarters of General Tom Thumb is at the Perry House.

The citizens of Middletown are thoroughly aroused on the question of the road between the second and third beaches.

The ship Constellation sailed yesterday on a cruise of about a fortnight's length, after which she will again return to our harbor. A grand ball was given on board Thursday afternoon. Many dignitaries from town were present.

Little Ethel sat in her mother's lap, apparently doing some hard thinking. At length she exclaimed: "Mamma, who made me?" The mother replied: "God made you, Ethel, dear." Little Ethel, still thoughtful, and looking at her father sitting near by, finally asked: "Did God make father, too?" "Yes, darling," replied her mother. After gazing at her father for some time and then looking at herself she asked: "Mamma, don't you think God is doing great deal better work than he used to do?"

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, August 6, 1898

Upon the invitation of the directors of the Fall River and Newport Street Railway Company, the members of the Lawrence Club, and a few additional guests will take the first ride in the Company's new palace car, the "Lawrence," today. There will also be a clambake on Gould Island in Seaconnet River.

The new board of license commissioners organized on Tuesday afternoon by the election of Frank F. Nolan president and Edward W. Higbee secretary.

Mr. Samuel M. Stevens, bookkeeper for H. N. Hassard & Co., while ejecting two quarrelsome blacksmiths from his place of business Tuesday evening sustained a badly sprained ankle.

Mr. Alfred Wilson, formerly assistant postmaster of New Bedford, has been visiting friends and relatives in this city this week. He made the entire trip by electrics.

The first illumination and band concert at Easton's Beach was held yesterday. The company have expended considerable money in erecting a band stand and providing seats for the public.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Casino Monday, Messrs. Perry Belmont, W. Watts Sherman, James Gordon Bennett and Cornelius Vanderbilt were re-elected governors for the ensuing four years.

Ernest Perry, bar tender in the United States Hotel, was accidentally shot in the head by a pistol in the hand of the hotel porter. The wound is not serious, and is another case of "Didn't know it was loaded."

Misses Mildred and Madeline Sampson daughters of Conductor J. W. Sampson, returned from a two weeks' trip from Hyde Park, Mass., Saturday last.

The First Rhode Island Volunteers have at last received their marching orders and expect to take a hand in the friendly march through Porto Rico. The boys are delighted at the prospect of moving, and at seeing active service in the West Indies.

Dixie W. T. Libby has received from Capt. Herbert Bliss of Company F at Camp Alger a souvenir postal which came through in the regular manner, with stamp attached. The peculiarity of this card is that it is made of army hard tack, in the shape of a cracker and is of postal card size. It came through intact. It is highly prized by Mr. Libby.

The northern part of the state was visited on Sunday last by one of the worst thunder storms ever experienced. In Providence the lightning bolts struck so frequently in every part of the city that it seemed that the cannonading was continuous. At least twenty places were struck and the damage was large.

The "Yankee Pigs" seem to be in clover up to their eyes down in Porto Rico, and the people of the Island, strange to say, seem to be glad to furnish the clover.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Parish Party

The parish party of St. Mary's and Holy Cross churches was held on Wednesday afternoon at the rectory grounds at St. Mary's Church. A reception was held by Rev. and Mrs. James P. Conover, during the afternoon. The scholars of the two Sunday Schools and their parents and friends were present, numbering about 150 persons. Games were played, and running and jumping contests were held for the children. Prizes were won by Gardner and Frank Caswell, Margaret Martin, Robert Dennis and other children. Mr. Robert Chase was the highest jumper in a contest by the men. Refreshments were served. The children were given horseback rides by Rev. Mr. Conover, on his saddle horse around the grounds.

The Methodist Episcopal Sunday School held their annual picnic recently at Wilbur farm. Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Delameter of Colebrook, N. H., were among those present. Rev. Mr. Delameter was formerly pastor here and met many of his old friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. Pascal Conley and family have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Norton at Prudence.

Mrs. C. C Christian has had as guests Mrs. Clarence Dodge and her daughter Evelyn, of Beverly, Mass.

Miss Hattie Peabody, who has been seriously ill with pleural pneumonia, is now able to sit up a short time each day.

Mrs. George R. Chase is spending the month of August with her sister, Mrs George Kimball, at her home in North Haverhill, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Chase have had as guests Mrs. Chester Stiles of Rochester, N. Y. and Mr. and Mrs. Richards of Block Island.

Plans are being made for a chicken salad supper to be given by the Holy Cross Guild on August 22 in the Guild House.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peckham have as guests Mr. and Mrs. Davis of Michigan.

Final arrangements were made by St. Columba's Guild at their meeting on Friday afternoon for the annual sale and supper to be held at the Berkeley Parish House on Wednesday, August 8. All fancy articles were completed at this meeting, which will be offered for sale at that time.

A surprise birthday party was given for Miss Ruth D. Chase recently by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Chase. A salad supper was served to thirty-three guests and an enjoyable evening was spent. Miss Chase has as guest Miss Edith Allen of Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Smith have had as guests Mrs. Smith's niece, Mrs. Mary Moyse and daughter, of Worcester, Mass.

Dr. Williston Barker of Boston has been spending a few days here with his family. His son James Barker, has just returned from a camping party in Maine.

Miss Eliza M. Peckham is suffering from an injury to her left eye, which became scratched by a briar bush in Jamestown recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin P. Smith have had as guests their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William D. McCaughey of Boston, and their son, William, Jr.

Rev. and Mrs. John Pearce of the Methodist Episcopal Church and their daughter Margaret have gone to their summer cottage at Lake Wentworth, N. H., for the month of August. During their absence the pulpit will be supplied by Rev. William H. Allen of Portsmouth, Rev. Mr. Stear of East Greenwich, Rev. C. A. Stenhouse of Newport and Mr. Fred P. Webber and Mr. Tarbell will speak.

Miss Eva Corey is spending a three weeks' vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving A. Corey. Miss Corey has just completed her second year at St. Luke's Hospital, New Bedford, where she is in training for a nurse.

It is hoped that all desiring tickets for the clambake to be given at Fair Hall on the regular Pomona Day, Tuesday, August 21, will notify the officers in advance so that preparations can be made for all. Two of the afternoon speakers are from the Massachusetts State Grange.

Earliest Known Bread.

Kassva bread is still today a breadstuff of millions throughout tropical and sub-tropical America. It is the most ancient form of the "staff of life" of the whole Western Hemisphere. The next oldest has its best known type in the Mexican maiz-tortilla, which can be obtained at groceries and restaurants in Manhattan and other big cities.

Nation's Stability Assured.

"A cheerful heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit dryeth the bones," said Solomon. Not until Americans lose their ability to laugh in the face of disaster and become the victims of the broken spirit that dryeth the bones need we entertain fears for the future of this republic.—Washington Post.

WIT NOT FORCED

Dublin Car Driver Famed for Power of Repartee.

Probably Able to Boast, If He Would, That He Never Found Himself at a Loss.

Pat Dickinson is a well-known character in Dublin, where he is very popular, the Christian Science Monitor relates. His car is always clean and comfortable, and he has a particularly fine horse, but Pat himself is the chief attraction. He is bubbling over with genuine fun and wit. It is true that he somewhat startled an English friend of mine last year. She had enjoyed the drive in the Phoenix park so much that wishing to be sure of being able to engage him again, she asked him his name. As she was writing it down he exclaimed suddenly, "Oh, please to stop, ma'am; sure you're putting out me eye!" She had written Dickenson instead of Dickinson. On their way to the park they saw a baker's boy drop his basket of loaves, and Pat immediately called out, "It's glad I do, he to see that bread's down in these hard times."

As they were passing the Four Courts my friend asked him what that fine building was. Pat drew up his horse, and accosted a barrister, who, in wig and gown was standing at the entrance. "Would your honor be so kind as to tell this fair lady what this fine building is?"

"Why, you rogue, you know as well as I do that it's the Four Courts."

"To be sure, your honor, and so it is, but I thought I'd like to have counsel's opinion free for once."

"Pat," said my friend, who is a brunette, "might you not better have called me a dark lady?"

"Not at all, ma'am," was his quick answer; "sure and don't you be my fate."

He told her that his father was a farmer in Tipperary. "One day," he said, "he was driving a cow before him from the market, when up comes a cycle agent, and, ses he, 'Hallo, me man, and what did you give for that cow?' '£20,' ses me father. '£20! just think of the grand bicycle you could have had for half that!' 'All very good,' ses me father, 'but it did be a cow I was wanting, and not a bicycle.' 'Yes, but just think what a fool you'd look going through the street, trying to ride a cow!' 'Arrah thin, not half the fool I'd look goin' through the streets, tryin' to milk a bicycle!'

"Another day, me father caught a tramp, runnin' off with one of his best hens. 'Drop that this minit,' ses he. 'Oh, sir,' ses the tramp, 'sure I only did be takin' it for a lark.' 'Indeed thin,' ses me father, 'but it's the uncommonly bad judge of poultry ye do be.'"

When Pat's fare was bidding him goodby, she gave him an extra half crown for his "good company." "No, thank you, ma'am," he said; "sure and didn't you give me your company free?"

Lights Float on Mercury.

There is said to be an increasing demand for quicksilver in manufactures of electric appliances. An interesting and increasing use in Scotland is the floating of lights of lighthouses upon a body of quicksilver. The metal is not consumed, of course, and the loss in use is insignificant.

It appears that the commissioners of northern lighthouses in Edinburgh have in their charge ninety lighthouses on the coast of Scotland. Up to a few years ago the revolving lights were borne on rollers. The "float" system has been gradually introduced, however, and is now in operation at thirty coast stations and will be used at all others. The lighting machinery rests on a pontoon which runs on quicksilver in a groove. The quantity of mercury required for this purpose in a lighthouse is from seven to eight flasks of 76 pounds each.

Busy Individual.

Missing the most mischievous of her third grade pupils from her regular place in filing out of the room into the corridor, Miss Jones rushed rather indignantly ahead of the class to locate the delinquent. Seeing the youngster at some distance down the hall, turning this way and that, the while she waved her arms windmill fashion toward scores of pupils who scurried in various directions, Miss Jones called out, "What are you doing there, Margaret?" "Oh, nothin', Miss Jones," came the calm answer. "I'm just trying to regulate traffic."

Forestry Clubs Are Spreading.

Forestry clubs, formed by boys and girls, are becoming popular, according to records of the forest service, United States Department of Agriculture. Beginning with a forestry club organized last year in Crestone, Colo., the movement has spread to many other localities in that state. These clubs are being formed under the direction of local men and women interested in both forestry and agriculture in cooperation with the county agent and the forest service.

Critical.

Helen D. has a very precocious little three-year-old sister, Catherine, at Staunton, Ind. Helen is attending college. Recently when she came home her little sister made the surprising remark: "I don't like that slap on your face." It developed that she meant "bang" on her sister's forehead.—Indianapolis News.

Surprised at Gallantry.

Elinor came rushing in very much excited because one of her grown-up boy friends had met her and lifted his hat in greeting. "Just think, mother," she exclaimed, "Ralph unhatted himself when he saw me."—Chicago Tribune.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Sc. Sheriff's Office.

Newport, R. I., Aug 25th, A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 16291 issued out of the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Providence, on the 15th day of July A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court October 16th, A. D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 11th day of July, A. D. 1922, in favor of the Providence Brewing Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, and having its office and place of business in Providence, plaintiff and against Samuel Melerovitz, alias Samuel Mierovitz, alias John Doe of Newport, in Newport County, defendant, I have this day at 20 minutes past 10 o'clock A. M., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to certain lots and parcels of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and bounded and described as follows: Southerly on Van Zandt avenue fifty (50) feet, westerly on land of Eliza B Barker one hundred (100) feet, northerly on land now or formerly of Matthew Butler fifty (50) feet; and easterly on land of William O'Neill one hundred (100) feet or however otherwise bounded or described. Being the same premises conveyed to this grantor, Samuel Melerovitz, by deed from Edward Stabe and others, bearing date of August 30th, A. D. 1913, and recorded in the Land Evidence of said Newport.

Also another tract or parcel of land located in said Newport with the buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows: North on Van Zandt avenue one hundred feet and forty-five hundredths feet (100.45), East on Hall avenue fifty-one and five-tenths (51.5), South by land now or formerly of Jeremiah and Mary Murphy, one hundred and sixty-five hundredths (100.65) feet and west on land formerly of Herbert C Tilley, fifty-one feet or however otherwise bounded or described

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 2nd day of December, A. D. 1922, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said Execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

11-4-4t

Newport, R. I., Dec. 2, 1922.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Second day of January, A. D. 1923 at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING.
Deputy Sheriff.

Dec. 9
Dec. 30.

Newport, R. I., January 2, 1923.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Second Day of February, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Jan. 6
Jan. 27

Newport, R. I., February 2, 1923

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the second day of March, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Feb. 3.
Feb. 24.

Newport, R. I., March 2, 1923.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Second day of May, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING
Deputy Sheriff.

March 3
April 28.

Newport, R. I., May 2, 1923.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the Second day of August, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place as above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

May 5, July 28

Newport, R. I, August 2, 1923.

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the ninth day of August, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Aug. 4

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of Lida W. Peckham

NOTICE is hereby given that John H. Nolan of Newport, R. I., has been appointed by the Probate Court of Middletown, R. I, Administrator de bonis non, on the estate of Lida W. Peckham, late of said Middletown, deceased, and has given bond and duly qualified as such Administrator.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

Middletown, R. I., August 4, 1923-4t

Takes Time to Mature Genius.

Thomas Jefferson is quoted as defending the charge that America had not yet produced a single man of literary genius: "When we have existed so long as the Greeks did before they produced Homer, the Romans Virgil, the French a Racine and a Voltaire, the English a Shakespeare and a Milton, we shall inquire from what unfriendly causes it has proceeded that the other countries of Europe, and quarters of the earth, shall not have inscribed any poet of ours on the roll of fame."

"War Paint" Flower.

One of our earliest flowers is the bloodroot or Indian paint. Break the stem of flower or root and you discover the reason for the name, for there immediately flows from the wound a reddish fluid which somewhat resembles blood and will stain, says Nature Magazine. It is said that this juice was once used by the Indians as a war paint and, mixed with sugar, by mothers as a cure for their children's coughs and colds.

Ancient Order of Nobility.

In Vienna may be seen the altar hangings and vestments, associated with the order of the Golden Fleece, found in the Fifteenth century, first half, by the Burgundian ruler of Flanders, Duke Philip the Good. They were supposed to have been made in the latter part of the Fourteenth century, as they are recorded in the inventory of the treasury of the Golden Fleece made in 1477.

Cows Eat Codfish.

In Norway the heads of codfish are mixed with marine plants and given to the cows to increase their yield of milk.

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Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, July 16, 1923.

Estate of Christopher E. Champlin

WILLIAM H. CHAMPLIN, Administrator of the estate of Christopher E. Champlin, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death was seized and possessed of a certain tract or parcel of land containing by estimation, about four (4) acres, more or less, situated in the eastern part of the Town of New Shoreham, bounded and described as follows: Southerly, upon Beach averse partly and partly on land of United States of America, Westerly partly on land of United States of America and partly on Trim's Pond, so called, or land of estates of Christopher E. and John C. Champlin; Northerly on Indian Head Neck Pond, so called, or land of estates of Christopher E and John C. Champlin partly, and partly on the Creek lot, so called; Easterly on land of Mary L. and Louis M. Grant partly and partly on said Creek-lot or the remaining portion of the estate of Francis Willis, the eastern boundary line of said described premises being the wall that bounds said Creek lot on the west and southerly and from a point on the westerly side of a barway in the wall that bounds said Creek lot on the south to a certain bound on the public highway or point of beginning, or however otherwise bounded or described, it being the same property conveyed to said Christopher E. Champlin by Alfon H. Mott, administrator of the estate of Francis Willis, by deed dated the 2d day of April, 1907, and recorded in the Records of Deeds in the Town of New Shoreham, in Book No. 13, at page 25, with the exception of that portion of said property heretofore conveyed to the United States of America by William R. Champlin, Administrator on the estate of Christopher E. Champlin, by deed recorded in the records of deeds of the Town of New Shoreham.

And further representing, that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; Notice is hereby given that this petition will on the 6th day of August, 1923, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, be called up for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Probate Clerk.

7-21

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 25th, 1923.

Estate of Agnes G. Fairfield

GEORGE W. FAIRFIELD, Administrator of the estate of Agnes G. Fairfield, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution among the heirs-at-law; and the same is received and referred to the Thirteenth day of August next at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

7-28

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., July 2, 1923.

Estate of William Rose

PETITION in writing is made by Frank Littlefield and Lillie G. Littlefield, of said New Shoreham, requesting that Lester Littlefield of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of William Rose, a person of full age but unsound mind, being a resident of and having a legal settlement in said New Shoreham, and said petition is received and referred to the 6th day of August, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury and that citation be served according to law.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

7-21

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., July 2, 1923.

Estate of Mary E. Smith

JOSHUA P. SMITH and EMERY A. DICKENS, Executors of the estate of Mary E Smith, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, present their account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a credit of the sale of real estate; and the same is received and referred to the 6th day of August, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

7-21

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., July 2, 1923.

Estate of Hazel M. Jones

REQUEST in writing is made by William H. Jones, of New Shoreham, husband of Hazel M. Jones, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that he, said William H. Jones, of said New Shoreham or some other suitable person, may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 6th day of August, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

7-21

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court

Newport, Sc.

Newport, August 4, A. D. 1923.

WHEREAS Elvena Henrietta Clerget of the City of Newport, in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Elvena Henrietta Clerget and Maxime Joseph Henry Clerget, now in parts to the said Elvena Henrietta Clerget unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered;

Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Maxime Joseph Henry Clerget of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the second Monday of September, A. D. 1923, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY,
Clerk.

8-4-3w

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